

Wm. Broome

Died the 25 of Jan

Aged 58 Years

Requisite in peace

Buried in the Pantheon

Wm

Broome

Esq

of

3440

David Simpson
Collection

3440.C.31

Second Edition 1780

BIBLE Psalms

Selections [English]

689

No. 1

SELECT

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

A NEW EDITION.

Edited by David Simpson

Απας δε ο βιος γνωστικη πανηγυρις αγια. αυτικη
δυσμαι μεν αυτω, ευχαι τε και αινοι, και αι
προ της εστισεως εντευξεις των γραφων.
Ψαλμοι δε και υμνοι παρα την εστισιν,
προ τε της κοιτης.

Clem. Alex. Strom. l. 7. s. 7.

W. B.

MACCLESFIELD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY EDWARD BAYLEY.

1795.



~~H.3.R.22.~~

PREFACE.

CHRISTIANS never so much resemble the inhabitants of the upper world as when joining together with one heart and voice in singing the praises of their Creator and Redeemer. *I beheard, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand; and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Rev. 5. 11-13.* This is the happy employment of the Angels in the Divine presence, of which we men seem equally capable. Nor is our debt of duty and gratitude less, but, as far as we can judge, greater than theirs. We seem bound by more compulsive motives to acts of gratitude and praise than these celestial beings. If they have been endowed with rational powers: so have we. If they have received favours innumerable and inestimable from the Lord of the universe: so have we. If they have been created with natures capable of immortality: so have we. If they have been placed in a rank superior to us: we have been placed only a little lower than they, and favoured with every blessing that is adapted to our nature and situation in the scale of existence. And,

moreover, the depth of misery from which we have been redeemed, together with the height of glory to which we are exalted, considered in conjunction with the astonishing means adopted by Divine wisdom for that purpose, may well inspire our hearts and voices with strains of devotion equally fervent and rapturous with their own.

" Give me a place at thy saints feet,

" Or some fallen angel's vacant seat ;

" I'll strive to sing as loud as they,

" Who sit above in brighter day !"

If the employments of the future state are to be of this devotional and seraphic kind, and if the present is intended by the Author of our existence to be preparatory to the next ; the church militant to qualify us for the church triumphant ; it will become us to use our utmost endeavours to bring our minds into proper frame while we continue here below. And can any thing contribute more to this, than the daily practice of reading the sacred writings, and singing the praises of God and the Lamb, in our closets, in our families, and in the general assemblies of religious people ? The Apostle of the Gentiles was so sensible of the utility of such a conduct, that he more than once exhorts the Christians, to whom he directed his Epistles, to abound in the practice. *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in PSALMS, and HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.* Col. 3. 16. And in the Epistle to the Ephesians we find a similar exhortation : *Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in PSALMS, and HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.* Eph. 5. 18, 19.

If it is the duty and privilege of Christians thus to conduct themselves for the advancement of the

is sufficient to destroy every pious and rapturous sensation of the mind, that sacred poetry, when aided by solemn music, is calculated to produce. Interruptions of this sort, should never be admitted, but when the sense requires a pause, or the verses recited are numerous; in either of which cases a short interlude, well played, and judiciously thrown in, relieves the attention very agreeably, and answers a valuable purpose in public worship.

With these, and similar exceptions, a good organ, in the hands of a master of his profession, and under judicious management, is attended, if the Editor may be allowed to judge from his own feelings, with most rare and delightful effects upon the mind.* *Dryden* seems to have been of the same opinion, when he said,

" O what art can teach,

" What human voice can reach,

" The sacred organ's praise ?

" Notes inspiring holy love,

" Notes that wing their heavenly way :

" To mend the choirs above."

Our great Epic poet too, has expressed the effect of church music with uncommon elegance :

" Now let the pealing organ blow,

" To the full-voic'd quire below,

" In service high, and anthems clear,

" As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

" Dissolve me into extasies,

" And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

Notwithstanding these testimonies in favour of divine harmony, there are some gloomy beings, who explode all music, vocal and instrumental,

* The Editor could wish the reader, who has any doubts concerning instrumental music, would do himself the justice to give Mr. Henry Dodwell's treatise on the lawfulness of instrumental music in holy offices, a dispassionate reading, before he condemns the practice with too much severity.

private and social. What such persons would have done under the Jewish economy, where the public worship of the Almighty was performed with all kinds of musical instruments, or how they mean to conduct themselves when they arrive at heaven, where an eternal hallelujah is sung in full chorus before the throne of God, we may leave them to consider. At present, however, one might be ready to suspect, did we not know the respectability of many such characters, and the strange imposing power of education, the strong sentiment of Shakespear, with a little softening, was not inapplicable :

“ The man that has no music in himself,
 “ Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 “ Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 “ The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 “ And his affections dark as Erebus :
 “ Let no such man be trusted.”

As there are some persons who explode all music whatever, and others that reject only the aid of instruments, so there are many who have violent prejudices against the use of HYMNS in religious worship. The educations of men are so various, that it is not easy to meet the taste of every one. If the bible alone were to determine our judgment, as it certainly ought in every matter where the worship of Almighty God is concerned, the business would soon be settled. Both PSALMS and HYMNS are therein expressly enjoined upon Christians. And, what these compositions were, we may, perhaps, learn from an expression in Tertulian's Apology, where he says, that every believer “ was invited to sing praises to God, either such “ as he collected from the sacred scriptures, or “ such as were of his own composing.” The present Selection contains a large number of each kind, and is accommodated to the taste of persons
 of

of very different sentiments. The psalms are entirely from the New Version, and is as complete a selection as can well be made. Almost every thing adapted to Christian worship is brought together, and a table of Contents added, whereby to find a psalm at one view for any particular occasion. The Selection of HYMNS is also pretty full, and the arrangement such as will render it much more useful than the former editions. Many of the old ones have been omitted, several new ones adopted; and, upon the whole, it certainly contains a considerable number of the best moral and divine odes in the English language. The peculiar advantage of a body of modern HYMNS, is, that they are more accurately adapted to the circumstances of Christian worship, than the psalms of David are capable of being. As far, however, as the psalms are applicable, the Editor is free to confess, they appear to him very much superior to most hymns in the present, or any other collection. There is a spirit in them, which mere human compositions rarely attain. The word of God is as gold: the words of men as baser metal. A good judge will generally prefer a well-chosen psalm to the best hymn in the selection.

A few anthems have been added, and the whole words of Handel's Messiah, to encourage the practice of that most sublime oratorio.

After all, let every man be fully persuaded in his mind, and pursue the road to happiness according to his own views. If we cannot agree in judgment, let us agree to disagree, and patiently bear with each others discordances till the time of righteous decision comes. We shall all, in the mean season, do well to remember, that nothing but the harmony of the heart, and the concurrence of the life with the eternal laws of justice, benevolence,

benevolence, and truth, can be in any measure acceptable to the Divine Being.

Non vox, sed votum ; non musica cordula, sed cor ;
Non clamans, sed amans, psallit in aure Dei.

Nothing under the sun can make any man happy here, or prepare him for happiness hereafter, but the love and image of God. If we have this, we have enough : if we are wanting here, we fall short of the end of our creation, and forfeit all the benefits of the Christian redemption.

Si Christum discis, satis est si cætera nescis :
Si Christum nescis, nihil est si cætera discis.

The EDITOR.

MACCLESFIELD, *David Simpson.*

Good Friday,

1795.

N. B. The psalms and hymns will easily be found in the old and new editions by proper attention to the double index. One cast of the eye will determine the difference.

In addition to the observations made by the Editor in this preface, the reader, who has any taste for things of this nature, is requested to peruse with candour the late bishop Horne's Sermon on the Antiquity, Use, and Excellence of Church Music.

I N D E X.

NOTE, that the figure stands for the page, O for the old edition of the psalms, and N for the new.

	A.	O.	N.
A CCORDING to thy promis'd grace			100
Fruitful land, where streams abound			89
All righteous men like fruitful palms			76
Approach, ye piously dispos'd	22	30	
Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots	8	12	
Arise, O Lord, and now possess			118
As pants the heart for cooling streams	31	39	
At length by certain proofs 'tis plain			61
Attend, my people Israel, hear			45
Awake, arise, let seeming sleep	32	41	
B.			
Because with well-plac'd confidence			75
Bless'd is the man whom thou, O Lord,			77
Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone	55	85	
Bless God, ye servants that attend	68	119	
Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,			98
Be thou, O God, exalted high	17	50	
C.			
Can he be deaf who form'd the ear			77
Children, those comforts of our life			115
Christ shall descend like rain, that cheers			60
Come learn, ye princes; and give ear			4
Consider my affliction, Lord,			109
Continue, Lord, to hear my voice	16	23	
Deceitful			

I N D E X.

	D.	O.	N.
Deceitful thoughts and practices			106
Defend me, Lord, from shame			27
E.			
Erect your heads, eternal gates		14	20
Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispers'd			51
F.			
For thee, O God, our constant praise		39	54
For benefits each day bestow'd			57
Forever and forever, Lord,			104
From my youth up, may Israel say			116
From lowest depths of woe			117
G.			
Give ear, thou Judge of all the earth			49
God in the great assembly stands			64
God is our refuge in distress		33	42
God's faithful promise I will praise			49
God's perfect law converts the soul		11	14
God's temple crowns the holy mount			69
Guarded by God I laid me down			5
H.			
Had not the Lord, may Israel say			113
Happy the man whose tender care		30	38
Have mercy, Lord, on me		36	47
Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear			27
He's bless'd whose sins have pardon gain'd	20		29
He, that has God his guardian made			74
Hold not thy peace, O Lord our God,			65
How bless'd is he who ne'er consents		1	3
How bless'd are they who always keep		64	97
How good and pleasant must it be		47	75
How high thy justice soars, O God,			59
How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,		5	10
How long shall we thy absence mourn			72
How many, Lord, of late are grown			4
How matchless is thy form, O King,			41
How shall the young preserve their ways			97
How various, Lord, thy works are found			85
How			



I N D E X,

	O.	N.
How vast must their advantage be		418
How wonderful are thy works, O Lord.		76
I.		
I have not from thy judgments stray'd		101
I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord.	49	26
I'll praise thee from whose hands I came	71	129
Impartial Judge of all the world.		7
In dead of night I will arise		102
In God, ye people, always trust	38	58
In guilt each part was form'd		47
In praising God, while he prolongs		66
Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord.	64	99
In thee I put my steadfast trust		58
In thee the sovereign right remains.		71
In time of trouble call on me		46
I strive each action to approve	7	18
I waited meekly for the Lord.	30	37
J.		
Jehovah reigns, let all the earth		79
Jehovah reigns, let therefore all	51	80
Judge me, O Lord; for I the paths	16	28
Just are the dealings of God's hands	61	98
L.		
Let all the just to God, with joy	21	29
Let God, the God of battle, rise		56
Let happy times with large amends	47	74
Let me with light and truth be blest	31	49
Let mercy now with truth be join'd		67
Lord, end not thou my fleeting life		85
Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears		37
Lord, hear my prayer and to my cry		184
Lord, hear my supplicating voice		109
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint		6
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint		58
Lord, I in prosperous days presum'd		89
Lord, I thy statutes and decrees		101
Lord, let me know my term of days	28	36
		Lord

I N D E X.

	O.	N.
Lord, let thy just decrees the king		60
Lord, not to us, we claim no share		95
Lord, should I try to shun thy sight		122
Lord, suffer not my causeless foes		31
Lord, what's in man that thou should'st love		125
Lord, who's the happy man that may	6	11
Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms		90

M.

My blood like water spill'd, my joints		17
My eyes, O Lord, begin to fail		106
My God, my God, why leav'st thou me		16
My guilt of sin remove		48
My heart it's confidence repos'd		24
My life, while I that life enjoy	39	53
My soul oppress'd with deadly care		98
My soul's cast down, O God; but thinks		39
My soul inspir'd with sacred love	54	83
My soul with grateful thoughts of love		95
My soul with long expectance faints		103
My soul with patience waits		117
My spirit, Lord, is overwhelm'd		125
My trembling flesh, and aching heart		62

N.

No change of times shall ever shock	8	13
Not in our fortresses and walls		43

O.

O all ye nations, bless our God	41	55
O all ye people, clap your hands	34	42
O all ye saints, the Lord		28
O come, loud anthems let us sing	48	78
O of mercy's never failing spring	53	82
O God, my gracious God, to thee	38	52
O God, my heart is fully bent		90
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	45	65
O God our Saviour, all our hearts		66
O God, who hast our troops dispers'd		51
O God, whose former mercies make		91
O Israel's		

I N D E X.

	O.	N.
O Israel's shepherd, Joseph's guide		63
O let those mercies I declar'd		38
O Lord, I am not proud of heart	67	117
O Lord, my God, my portion thou		101
O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry	17	24
O Lord, the mighty God of hosts		66
O Lord, the saviour and defence		72
O Lord, thou art my righteous judge	1	5
O Lord of hosts, my King and God	45	65
O Lord, thy mercy my sure hope	23	32
O Lord, to thee I will repair		57
O Lord, to my relief draw near		58
On thee who dwell'st above the skies		112
On thee I wait: 'tis on thy strength		51
O praise ye the Lord		131
O praise the Lord in that blest place	75	131
O praise the Lord, for he is good	63	96
O praise the Lord with one consent	69	119
O praise the Lord, and thou my soul	73	127
O praise the Lord with hymns of joy	73	128
O pray we now for Salem's peace		112
O render thanks and bless the Lord	58	86
O render thanks to God above	59	86
O Salem, our once happy seat		121
O sea! what made your tide withdraw		94
O that my people wisely would		64
O thou to whom all creatures bow	2	7
O turn, and all my griefs		22
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear		112
Our hopes are fix'd that now the Lord		16
Our term of time is seventy years		73
P.		
Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise	60	92
R.		
Remorseless wretches, void of sense		87
S.		
Since mercy is the grace	15	22
		Sing

I N D E X.

	O.	N.
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	49	78
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	51	80
So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum	46	72
Substantial peace, O Lord, have they		110
Sure, wicked fools must needs suppose	5	10
T.		
Teach me the way, O Lord, and I		68
That man is blest who stands in awe	61	92
That right thy judgments are, I now		103
Thee I will bless, my God and King		115
The good man's way is God's delight	27	34
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,	10	14
The king, O Lord, with songs of praise		16
The king's request, O Lord, attend		15
The Lord hath both a temple here	4	9
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord	11	19
The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God	35	45
The Lord will yet redeem my soul		44
The Lord to me, whene'er I cry'd		55
The Lord regards the poor's complaint		58
The Lord, the universal King	55	84
The Lord unto my Lord thus spoke		91
The love that to thy laws I bear	65	105
The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace		115
The Lord does them support that fall		127
The Lord, who made both heaven and earth		128
The memory of Christ's glorious name		61
Their just returns of thanks to God		120
The man is blest that fears the Lord		116
The word of God shall firm abide		9
The wicked from their wicked arts	23	31
The wicked I in power have seen	28	35
The wonders of thy laws, O Lord		107
They that in ships, with courage bold		88
Thine, Lord's, the cheerful day, and thine		62
This spacious earth is all the Lord's	13	20
Those men that all their hope and trust		43
		Thou

I N D E X.

	O.	N.
Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways		13
Thou mad'st, O God, my mother's womb		17
Though wicked men grow rich or great	25	32
Thou, Lord, from out thy boundless store	40	54
Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good		68
Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,		72
Thou art my Lord, O God, and still		97
Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom		108
'Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known		122
Through all the changing scenes of life	21	30
Through thy victorious name, O God,	4	0
'Thy dreadful anger, Lord, restrain		7
Thy presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord.		8
Thy mercy and thy love	14	21
Thy mercy, Lord, display		27
Thy chastening wrath, O Lord,		36
Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend		50
Thy praises, Lord, I will resound		50
'Thy righteous acts and saving health		59
'Thy gracious favour, Lord, display		67
Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song		70
Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth		99
Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow		100
'Thy word is to my feet, O Lord		106
'Tis God's supreme prerogative		18
'Tis God, that with amazing noise	18	25
'Tis good for me that I have felt		103
To bless thy chosen race	42	35
To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,	3	8
To God in whom I trust		21
To God your voice in anthems raise		57
To God, our never failing strength		63
To God your grateful voices raise		87
To God the mighty Lord		120
To God with mournful voice		124
To God the Lord a hymn of praise		129
To my complaint, O Lord my God		68
		To

I N D E X.

	O.	N.
To my request and earnest cry		111
To Sion's hill I lift my eyes		111
To thee, my God and Saviour, I		79
To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn		79
To thee, O Lord, my cries ascend		124
To us bring back the remnant, Lord,		114
U.		
Unless thy sacred law had been		104
W.		
We build with fruitless cost, unless		115
What'er events betide		28
When God arose to take my part	9	13
When I pour out my soul in prayer		82
When Israel, by the Almighty led		94
When Sion's God her sons recall'd		114
While worldly minds impatient grow		6
While sinful crowds with false design	26	34
Who can the wonderful works recount		37
Who place on Sion's God their trust	66	113
With restless and ungovern'd rage		1
With quiet mind on God depend	25	33
Withdraw not, Lord, thy help	36	48
With glory clad, with strength array'd	48	77
With one consent let all the earth	52	81
With cheerful notes let all the earth	63	96
With me thy servant thou hast dealt		102
With favour, Lord, look down on me		107
With my whole heart to God I call		108
With my whole heart, my God and King		121
Y.		
Ye boundless realms of joy	74	129
Ye princes, that in might excel	18	25
Ye saints and servants of the Lord	62	95
Ye worshippers of Jacob's God		18





P S A L M I.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk!
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M II.

- 1 **W**ITH restless and ungovern'd rage,
Why do the Heathen storm?
Why in such rash attempts engage,
As they can ne'er perform?
- 2 The great in counsel and in might,
Their various forces bring;

A 1

Against

- Against the Lord they all unite,
And his anointed King.
- 3 Must we submit to their commands?
Presumptuously they say:
No! let us break their slavish bands,
And cast their chains away.
- 4 But God, who sits in thron'd on high,
And sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring strength defy,
And mocks their vain design.

P A R T II.

- 1 COME learn, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.
- 2 Appease the Son, with due respect
Your timely homage pay;
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.
- 3 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

P S A L M III.

- 1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
The troub'ers of my peace!
And as their numbers hourly rise,
So does their rage increase.
- 2 Insulting, they my soul upbraid,
And him whom I adore:
The God in whom he trusts, say they,
Shall rescue him no more.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;

Thou

Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

- 4 Since whensoever, in like distress,
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?

P A R T II.

- 1 GUARDED by God I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
- 2 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend:
His blessing he extends to all
That on his power depend.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 O LORD, thou art my righteous judge,
To my complaint give ear;
Thou still redeem'st me from distress,
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 Consider, that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.
- 3 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee every thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.
- 4 The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fixt,
On God alone rely.

P A R T II.

- 1 WHILE worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 2 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.
- 3 'Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess'd.

P S A L M V.

- 1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint;
Accept my secret prayer:
'To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
- 2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
- 3 And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.
- 4 O let all those that trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy name.
- 5 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

P S A L M VI.

- 1 THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones,
Which thou alone canst cure.
- 2 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
And fills my soul with grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?
- 4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.

P S A L M VII.

- 1 IMPARTIAL Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee;
According to my just deserts,
So let thy sentence be.
- 2 Let wicked arts and wicked men
Together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.
- 3 So will I then the righteous ways
Of providence proclaim;
I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his name.

P S A L M VIII.

- 1 O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,

A. 3

Thro'

- Thro' all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!
- 2 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wondering sight;
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light;
- 3 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wonderous kind?
- 4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

P S A L M IX.

- 1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the listening world thy works,
 Thy wonderous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul,
 Exalted pleasures bring;
 Whilst to thy name, O thou most high!
 Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have his goodness prov'd
 Will in his truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
 That on his help rely'd.
- 4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
 From Sion his abode;
 Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world
 Confess no other God.

P S A L M X.

- 1 THY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
 Why hid'st thou now thy face,
 When

When dismal times of deep distress
Call for thy wonted grace ?

- 2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride,
Have made the poor their prey :
O let them fall by those designs,
Which they for others lay.
- 3 To own a power above themselves,
Their haughty pride disdains ;
And therefore in their stubborn mind
No thought of God remains.
- 4 But thou, O Lord, at length arise,
Stretch forth thy mighty arm ;
And, by the greatness of thy power,
Defend the poor from harm.

P S A L M XI.

- 1 THE Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above ;
Where he surveys the sons of men,
And how their councils move.
- 2 If God, the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct ;
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect ?
- 3 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest shower ;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.
- 4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace ;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

P S A L M XII.

- 1 THE word of God shall firm abide,
And void of falshood be,

- As is the silver seven times try'd,
 From drossy mixture free.
- 2 The promise of his aiding grace
 Shall reach it's purpos'd end:
 His servants from the faithless race
 He ever will defend.
- 3 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
 Nor know which way to fly;
 When those, whom they despis'd and vex'd,
 Shall be advanc'd on high.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
 Must I forever mourn?
 How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
 Oh! never to return?
- 2 Lord, hear! and to my longing eyes
 Restore thy wonted light,
 And suddenly, or I shall sleep
 In everlasting night.
- 3 Since I have always plac'd my trust
 Beneath thy mercy's wing,
 Thy saving health will come, and then
 My heart with joy shall spring.
- 4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
 To thee, my God, ascend;
 Who, to thy servant in distress
 Such bounty didst extend.

P S A L M XIV.

- 1 SURE, wicked fools must needs suppose
 That God is nothing but a name;
 Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,
 No breast is warm'd with holy flame.
- 2 How will they tremble then for fear,
 When his just wrath shall them o'ertake?

For

- For to the righteous God is near,
 And never will their cause forsake.
- 3 Ill men in vain with scorn expose
 Those methods which the good pursue;
 Since God a refuge is for those,
 Whom his just eyes with favour view.
- 4 Would he his saving power employ,
 To break his people's servile band!
 Then shouts of universal joy
 Should loudly echo thro' the land.

P S A L M XV.

- 1 LORD, who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair?
 Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there?
- 2 'Tis he whose every thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never does a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound;
 Or hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, in all it's pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect;
 And piety, tho' cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And tho' he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.
- 6 The man, who by this steady course
 Has happiness incur'd,
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
 By providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

P S A L M XVI.

- 1 I STRIVE each action to approve
To God's all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.
- 2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his powerful voice.
- 3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy holy-one in death
The least corruption see.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

P S A L M XVII.

- 1 ARISE, O Lord, defeat their plots,
Their swelling rage control;
From wicked men, who are thy sword,
Deliver thou my soul.
- 2 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge,
Whose portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly stores, aspire
No other bliss to know.
- 3 Their race is numerous, that partake
Their substance while they live:
Their heirs survive, to whom they may
The vast remainder give.
- 4 But I, in uprightness, thy face
Shall view without control:
And, waking, shall it's image find
Reflected in my soul.

PSALM XVIII:

P S A L M XVIII.

- 1 NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee:
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safe-guard and my tower.
- 3 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The rock on whose defence I rest!
To highest heavens his name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation bless'd!

P A R T II.

- 1 WHEN God arose to take my part,
The conscious earth did quake for fear;
From their firm posts the hills did start,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
- 2 Thick clouds of smoke dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of wrath, before him came;
Devouring fire around him glow'd,
That coals were kindled at it's flame.
- 3 He left the beauteous realms of light
Whilst heaven bow'd down its awful head;
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was, like a sable carpet, spread.
- 4 The chariot of the King of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
With most amazing swiftness flew.

P A R T III.

- 1 THOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human-kind:

They

- They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wonderous mercy find.
- 2 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 3 For God's designs shall still succeed;
His word will bear the utmost test;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.
- 4 Who then deserves to be ador'd
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

P S A L M XIX.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings:
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their powerful language to no realm,
Or region is confin'd:
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does it's sacred sense
Thro' earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

P A R T II.

- 1 GOD's perfect law converts the soul;
Reclaims from false desires;

With

- With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight:
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.
 - 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid:
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
 - 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops,
That from the comb distil.
 - 5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those,
Who by thy precepts live.

P S A L M XX.

- 1 THE king's request, O Lord, attend,
And hear him in distress;
The name of Jacob's God defend,
And grant his arms success.
- 2 To aid him from on high repair,
And strength from Sion give;
Remember all his offerings there;
His sacrifice receive.
- 3 To compass his own heart's desire
His counsels still direct;
Make kindly all events conspire
To bring them to effect.
- 4 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid
We cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name display'd;
The Lord accept his prayer!

P A R T II.

- 1 OUR hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
Our sovereign will defend;
From heaven resistless aid afford,
And to his prayer attend.
- 2 Some trust in steeds for war design'd;
On chariots some rely:
Against them all we'll call to mind
The power of God most high.
- 3 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless:
Hear, King of heaven, in times of need,
The prayers that we address.

P S A L M XXI.

- 1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice:
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.
- 2 For thou, whate'er his lips request,
Not only dost impart;
But hast, with thy acceptance, blest
The wishes of his heart.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all his hopes outgone;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear,
And sett'st it firmly on.
- 4 Because the king on God alone
For timely aid relies;
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.

P S A L M XXII.

- 1 MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint;

O why

- O why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
To thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.
3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge
Of innocence oppress'd;
And therefore Israel's praises are
Of right to thee address'd.
4 On thee our ancestors rely'd,
And thy deliverance found;
With pious confidence they pray'd,
And with success were crown'd.

P A R T II.

- 1 THOU mad'st, O God, my mother's womb
A living offspring bear;
When but a suckling at the breast
I was thy early care.
2 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs
My helpless infant days;
And since hast been my God and guide
Through life's bewilder'd ways.
3 Withdraw not then so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! thy help, on which
I only can rely.

P A R T III.

- 1 MY blood like water spill'd, my joints
Are rack'd and out of frame:
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.
2 My strength, like potter's earth, is parch'd;
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;

- And to the silent shades of death
 My fainting soul withdraws.
- 3 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
 In pack'd assemblies meet:
 They pierc'd my inoffensive hands;
 They pierc'd my harmless feet.
- 4 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
 Distinctly may be told:
 Yet such a spectacle of woe
 As pastime they behold.
- 5 As spoil, my garments they divide,
 Lots for my vesture cast:
 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,
 And to my succour haste.

P A R T IV.

- 1 YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
 All you of Israel's line,
 O praise the Lord, and to your praise
 Sincere obedience join.
- 2 He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
 To cast a gracious eye;
 Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
 But hears it's humble cry.
- 3 Thus in thy sacred courts will I
 My cheerful thanks express;
 In presence of thy saints perform
 The vows of my distress.
- 4 Then shall the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay;
 And scatter'd nations of the earth
 One sovereign Lord obey.

P A R T V.

- 1 'TIS God's supreme prerogative -
 O'er subject kings to reign;

'Tis

- 'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.
- 2 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess:
The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their generous patron bless.
- 3 With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort:
That power, which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.
- 4 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth,
And glorious acts, proclaim.

P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her falness is;
The world and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.
- 2 But for himself this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd:
O! who shall to that sacred hill
Deserv'd admittance find?
- 3 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
- 4 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessing down:
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

P A R T II.

- ERECT your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With his celestial train.
- 2 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd:
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.
 - 3 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With all his shining train.
 - 4 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

- 1 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice :
O! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
- 2 Those who on thee rely
Let no disgrace attend :
Be that the shameful lot of such
Who wilfully offend.
- 3 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way :
For thou art he that bring'st me help ;
On thee I wait all day.

P A R T II.

- 1 'THY mercy and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 2 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee :
And, for thy wonderful goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 3 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
- 4 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
- 5 Thro' all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

PART III.

P A R T I I.

- 1 SINCE mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my hainous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy name.
- 2 Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.
- 3 His quiet soul with peace
Shall be forever blest,
And by his numerous race the land
Successively possess.
- 4 For God to all his saints
His sacred will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

P A R T I V.

- 1 O! TURN, and all my griefs,
In mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with woes,
And plung'd in deep distress.
- 2 The sorrows of my heart
To mighty sums increase;
O! from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release!
- 3 Do thou with tender eyes
My sad affliction see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
Intirely set me free,
- 4 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind;
And in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succour find.

P S A L M XXVI.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord; for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.
- 2 Search, prove my heart, whose innocence
Will shine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
And made thy truth my guide.
- 3 I never for companions took
The idle or profane;
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
Could e'er my friendship gain.
- 4 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And bring a heart so pure;
That, when thy altar I approach,
My welcome shall secure.
- 5 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thy honour dwells.

P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my prayers receive,
Nor my request deny.
- 2 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;
Thy glorious face I'll always seek,
My grateful heart replies.
- 3 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

- 4 God's time with patient faith expect,
And he'll inspire thy breast
With inward strength; do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath;
O! answer, or I shall become
Like those that sleep in death.
2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy-seat.
3 Let me escape the sinners doom,
Who make a trade of ill;
And ever speak the person fair,
Whose blood they mean to spill.
4 But I, with due acknowledgment,
His praises will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

P A R T II.

- 1 MY heart its confidence repos'd
In God, my strength and shield;
In him I trusted, and return'd
Triumphant from the field.
2 As he hath made my joys complete,
Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And thus resound his praise:
3 His aiding power supports the troops
That my just cause maintain:
'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne;
'Tis he secures my reign.

4 Preserve

- 4 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed
Thine heritage to bless;
With plenty prosper them, in peace;
In battle, with success.

P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 YE princes, that in might excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.
2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state ador'd.
3 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His people he'll with strength supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

P A R T II.

- 1 'TIS God, that with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.
2 How full of power his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crown'd!
Which from the roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.
3 They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are sometimes hurry'd far away;
And leap like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.
4 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
And scatter'd flames of lightening sends,
The forest nods, the desert quakes,
And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

- 5 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts dark coverts bare;
While those that to his courts belong,
Sincerely sing his praises there.

P S A L M XXX.

- 1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes insulting joy.
2 In my distress I cry'd to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.
3 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.
4 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

P A R T II.

- 1 LORD, I in prosperous days presum'd;
No sudden change I fear'd;
Whilst in my sunshine of success
No lowering cloud appear'd.
2 But soon I found thy favour, Lord,
My empire's only trust;
For, when thou hid'st thy face, I saw
My honour laid in dust.
3 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
My error I confess'd;
And quick with supplicating voice,
Thy mercy's throne address'd.

PART III.

P A R T III.

- 1 HEAR me, O Lord, in mercy hear ;
Thy wonted aid extend :
Do thou send help, on whom alone
I can for help depend.
- 2 'Tis done ! thou hast my mournful scene,
To songs and dances turn'd ;
Invested me in robes of state,
Who late in sackcloth mourn'd.
- 3 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse ;
And as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

P S A L M XXXI.

- 1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame ;
For still I trust in thee :
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send :
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.
- 3 Since thou, when foes oppress,
My rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress,
Thy wonted help impart.
- 4 Release me from the snare,
Which they have closely laid ;
Since I, O God, my strength, repair
To thee alone for aid.

P A R T II.

- 1 THY mercy, Lord, display,
And hear my just complaint ;

C

For

- For both my soul and flesh decay,
With grief and hunger faint.
- 2 Sad thoughts my life oppress ;
My years are spent in groans ;
My sins have made my strength decrease,
And even consum'd my bones.
- 3 But still my steadfast trust
I on thy help repose :
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

P A R T III.

- 1 WHATE'ER events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all :
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
- 2 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose ;
And as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.
- 3 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim !

P A R T IV.

- 1 O ! all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue ;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.
- 2 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed :
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

HE'S

P S A L M XXXII.

1. HE's blest'd, whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
My bones consum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar;
But no complaints assuag'd my grief.
- 3 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd,
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.
- 4 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 5 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
And from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
- 6 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tower of refuge I must own:
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

P S A L M XXXIII.

- 1 LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.
- 3 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;

He

- He justice loves ; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
4 Our soul on God with patience waits ;
Our help and shield is he :
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

- 1 'THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3 O ! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name :
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
4 O ! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

P A R T II.

- 1 APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
And my instruction hear ;

I'N

- I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.
- 2 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free.
- 3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue ;
Establish peace where 'tis begun ;
And where 'tis lost renew.
- 4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes ;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries ;
- 5 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their hated name.

P A R T . III.

- 1 THE wicked, from their wicked arts,
Their ruin shall derive ;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.
- 2 For God preserves the souls of those,
Who on his truth depend ;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

P S A L M . XXXV.

- 1 LORD, suffer not my causeless foes,
Who me unjustly hate,
With open joy, and secret sighs,
To mock my sad estate.
- 2 For they, with hearts averse to peace,
Industriously devise

Against the men of quiet minds,
To forge malicious lies.

- 3 But thou, who dost both them and me
With righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord,
And keep not far away.
- 4 Stir up thyself in my behalf;
To judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,
To thy decision take.

P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O! let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise: For

- For they, cut down like tender grafs,
Or, like young flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
- 2 Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger, and from want:
Make his commands thy chief delight;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
- 3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design:
He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

P A R T II.

- 1 WITH quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise,
Though wicked men with wealth abound;
And with success their plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.
- 2 From anger cease, and wrath forsake;
Let no ungovern'd passion make
Thy wavering heart espouse their crime:
For God shall sinful men destroy;
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust on him, and wait his time.
- 3 How soon shall wicked men decay!
Their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found;
Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

P A R T

P A R T . III.

- 1 WHILE sinful crowds, with false design,
Against the righteous few combine,
And gnash their teeth and threatening stand ;
God shall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride ;
He sees their ruin near at hand.
- 2 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay :
But their strong bows shall soon be broke,
Their sharpen'd weapon's mortal stroke
Thro' their own hearts shall force it's way.
- 3 A little with God's favour bless'd,
That's by one righteous man possess'd,
The wealth of many bad excels :
For God supports the just man's cause ;
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful power he quells.
- 4 His constant care the upright guides,
And over all their life presides ;
Their portion shall for ever last :
They, when distress overwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and even in dearth
The happy fruits of plenty taste.

P A R T . IV.

- 1 THE good man's way is God's delight ;
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command :
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd ;
For God upholds him with his hand.
 - 2 From my first youth, till age prevail'd,
I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his numerous race :
- Because

- Because compassion fill'd his heart,
 And he did chearfully impart,
 God made his offspring's wealth increase.
- 3 With caution shun each wicked deed ;
 In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
 And so prolong your happy days ;
 For God who judgment loves, does still
 Preserve his saints secure from ill,
 While soon the wicked race decays.
- 4 The upright shall possess the land ;
 His portion shall for ages stand ;
 His mouth with wisdom is supply'd ;
 His tongue by rules of judgment moves ;
 His heart the law of God approves ;
 Therefore his footsteps ne'er shall slide.

P A R T V.

- 1 THE wicked I in power have seen,
 And, like a bay-tree, fresh and green,
 That spreads it's pleasant branches round ;
 But he was gone as swift as thought ;
 And tho' in every place I sought,
 No sign or track of him I found.
- 2 Observe the perfect man with care,
 And mark all such as upright are ;
 Their roughest days in peace shall end :
 While on the latter end of those,
 Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
 A common ruin shall attend.
- 3 God to the just will aid afford ;
 Their only safeguard is the Lord ;
 Their strength in time of need is he ;
 Because on him they still depend,
 The Lord will timely succour send,
 And from the wicked set them free.

P S A L M

P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 THY chafening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Tho' I deserve it all ;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.
- 2 In every wretched part of me
Thy arrows deep remain ;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight,
I can no more sustain.
- 3 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow ;
And for my feeble strength to bear
Too vast a burthen grow.
- 4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart ;
Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end :
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, thou knowest, is but a span,
A cypher sums my years ;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.
- 3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd :
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 4 Why then should I on worthless toys,
With anxious cares attend ?
On thee alone my stedfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

P A R T

P A R T II.

- 1 LORD, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.
- 2 O ! spare me yet a little time ;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

P S A L M XL.

- 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in mire and clay,
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
And suffer'd not my steps to stray.
- 3 The wonders he for me has wrought,
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.

P A R T II.

- 1 WHO can the wonderful works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought ?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.
- 2 I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd
Offerings and sacrifice alone ;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,
For man's transgression to atone.
- 3 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart :

"Tis

'Tis my delight to do thy will ;
Thy law is written in my heart.

P A R T III.

- 1 O LET those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me !
Thy loving kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.
- 2 For I with troubles am distress'd
Too numberless for me to bear ;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd,
That plunge and sink me to despair.
- 3 As soon, alas ! may I recount
The hairs on this afflicted head ;
My vanquish'd courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping soul with dread.
- 4 Come then, to my relief draw near ;
For never was more pressing need :
In my deliverance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliverance speed.

P S A L M XLI.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd !
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.
- 2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness, lie ;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer address'd ;

Lord,

Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Tho' I have much transgress'd.

P S A L M XLII.

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.
- 4 When I advanc'd, with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

P A R T II.

- 1 MY soul's cast down, O God; but thinks
On thee and Sion hill;
From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
And Misser's humbler hill.
- 2 One trouble calls another on;
And, gathering o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul
A roaring sea is spread.
- 3 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispell'd this storm,

D

To

- To thee I'll mid-night anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.
4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

P S A L M XLIII.

- 1 LET me with light and truth be blest;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 THROUGH thy victorious name, O God,
Our arms the foes shall quell;
And crush them with repeated strokes,
As oft as they rebel.
2 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,
When I in fight engage;
But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd,
And sham'd their spiteful rage.
3 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his name.

PART

P A R T II.

- 1 AWAKE, arise; let seeming sleep
No longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
Forever sue in vain.
- 2 O! wherefore hidest thou thy face
From our afflicted state;
Whose souls and bodies sink to earth
With grief's oppressive weight?
- 3 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
To our deliverance make:
Redeem us, Lord:—if not for our's,
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

P S A L M XLV.

- 1 HOW matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of power,
Majestic pomp display.
- 3 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true:
Whilst thy right hand with swift revenge
Does all thy foes pursue.
- 4 How sharp thy weapons are to them,
That dare thy power despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The feather'd arrow flies.
- 5 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,
Forever to endure:
Thy scepter's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.

P S A L M

P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 GOD is our refuge in distress ;
A present help when dangers press ;
In him, undaunted, we'll confide ;
Though earth were from the centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness fill
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high :
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock the assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 In tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and dispers'd their powers ;
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
Our father's guardian-God, and our's.
- 4 Submit to God's almighty sway ;
For him the Heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess :
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

P S A L M XLVII.

- 1 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing :
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal king.
 - 2 God is gone up, our Lord and king,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound ;
To him repeated praises sing ;
And let the chearful song rebound.
- 3 Youn

- 3 Your utmost skill in praise be shown
 For him, who all the world commands,
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er Heathen lands.

P S A L M XLVIII.

- 1 NOT in our fortresses and walls,
 Do we, O God, confide ;
 But on the temple fix our hopes,
 In which thou dost reside.
- 2 According to thy sovereign name,
 Thy praise thro' earth extends ;
 Thy powerful arm, as justice guides,
 Chastises or defends.
- 3 This God is our's, and will be our's,
 Whilst we in him confide ;
 Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
 Till death will be our guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

- 1 THOSE men, that all their hope and trust
 In heaps of treasure place,
 And boast in triumph, when they see
 Their ill-got wealth increase ;
- 2 Are yet unable from the grave
 Their dearest friend to free ;
 Nor can, by force of bribes, reverse
 The almighty Lord's decree.
- 3 Their vain endeavours they must quit ;
 The price is held too high :
 No sums can purchase such a grant,
 That man should never die.
- 4 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
 Nor fools their folly save ;
 But both must perish, and, in death,
 Their wealth to others leave.

- 5 For tho' they think their stately seats
 Shall ne'er to ruin fall ;
 But their remembrance last in lands,
 Which by their names they call ;
- 6 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot,
 How great foe'er their state :
 With beasts their memory, and they,
 Shall share one common fate.

P A R T II.

- 1 THE Lord will yet redeem my soul ;
 And from the greedy grave
 His greater power shall set me free,
 And to himself receive.
- 2 Then fear not thou, when worldly men
 In envy'd wealth abound ;
 Nor though their prosperous house increase,
 With state and honour crown'd.
- 3 For when they're summon'd hence by death,
 They leave all this behind ;
 No shadow of their former pomp
 Within the grave they find :
- 4 And yet they thought their state was blest,
 Caught in the flatterer's snare,
 Who with their vanity complied,
 And prais'd their worldly care.
- 5 In their forefathers steps they tread ;
 And when, like them, they die,
 Their wretched ancestors and they
 In endless darkness lie.
- 6 For man, how great foe'er his state,
 Unless he's truly wise,
 As like a sensual beast he lives,
 So like a beast he dies.

P S A L M

P S A L M L.

- 1 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines ;
The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.
- 2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd silence, as before ;
But wasting flames before him send :
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.
- 3 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree)
That in my lasting covenant live ;
And offerings bring with constant care,
The heavens his justice shall declare ;
For God himself shall sentence give.

P A R T II.

- 1 ATTEND, my people : Israel, hear :
Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;
Thy God, thy only God am I :
'Tis not of offerings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.
- 2 Will this alone atonement make ?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept :
The forest beasts, that range alone,
The cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.
- 3 I know the fowls, that build their nests
In craggy rocks : and savage beasts,

That

That loosely haunt the open fields :
 If seiz'd with hunger I could be,
 I need not seek relief from thee,
 Since the world's mine, and all it yields.
 4 Think'st thou that I have any need
 On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
 To eat their flesh and drink their blood ?
 The sacrifices I require
 Are hearts which love and zeal inspire;
 And vows with strictest care made good.

P A R T III.

1 IN time of trouble call on me,
 And I will set thee safe and free,
 And thou returns of praise shalt make :
 But to the wicked, thus saith God :
 How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
 Or in thy mouth my covenant take ?
 2 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin,
 Hast proof against instruction been,
 And of my word didst lightly speak :
 When thou a subtle thief didst see,
 Thou gladly with him didst agree,
 And with adulterers didst partake.
 3 Vile slander is thy chief delight ;
 Thy tongue, by envy moved and spite,
 Deceitful tales does hourly spread :
 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound
 Thy brother, and with lies confound
 The offspring of thy mother's bed.
 4 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
 To gain with silence, and with love ;
 Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
 That I was such a one as thou :
 But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
 And set thy sins before thine eyes.

5 Mark

- 5 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
 Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
 Whilst none shall dare your cause to own :
 Who praises me, due honour gives,
 And, to the man that justly lives,
 My strong salvation shall be shown.

P S A L M LI.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.
 2 Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin ;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.
 5 Against thee, Lord, alone,
 And only in thy sight,
 Have I transgress'd, and, tho' condemn'd,
 Must own thy judgments right.

P A R T II.

- 1 IN guilt each part was form'd
 Of all this sinful frame ;
 In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
 The heir of sin and shame.
 2 Yet thou, whose searching eye
 Does inward truth require,
 In secret didst with wisdom's laws
 My tender soul inspire.
 3 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
 And so I clean shall be :
 I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
 When purify'd by thee.
 4 Make me to hear with joy
 Thy kind forgiving voice,

That

- That so the bones, which thou hast broke,
May with fresh strength rejoice.
5 Blot out my crying sine,
Nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

P A R T III.

- 1 WITHDRAW not, Lord, thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
It's everlasting flight.
2 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain :
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
3 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart ;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

P A R T IV.

- 1 MY guilt of sin remove,
My Saviour and my God ;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous acts abroad.
2 Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd and shame ;
So shall my mouth thy wonderous praise
To all the world proclaim.
3 A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

P S A L M

P S A L M LV.

- 1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray ;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.
- 2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
And hear my grievous moans ;
While I my mournful case declare,
With artless sighs and groans.
- 3 My heart is rack'd with pain ; my soul
With deadly frights distress'd ;
With fear and trembling compass'd round,
With horror quite oppress'd.
- 4 How often wish'd I then, that I
The dove's swift wings could get ;
That I might take my speedy flight,
And seek a safe retreat !
- 5 Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm were spent,
This tempest pass'd away.

P S A L M LVI.

- 1 GOD's faithful promise I will praise,
On whom I now rely :
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.
- 2 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my footsteps sure :
- 3 That thus protected by thy power
I may this light enjoy ;
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

P S A L M

P S A L M LVII.

- 1 THY mercy, Lord, to me extend ;
On thy protection I depend ;
And to thy wings for shelter haste,
'Till this outrageous storm is past.
- 2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sovereign Judge, and God most high,
Who wonders for me hast begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.

P A R T II.

- 1 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.
- 2 O God, my heart is fix'd ; 'tis bent
It's thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Awake, my glory : harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute :
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

P A R T III.

- 1 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round :
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 2 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

P S A L M

P S A L M LIX.

- 1 ON thee I wait : 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend :
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
Who only canst defend.
- 2 To thee with never-ceasing praise,
O Lord, my strength, I'll sing :
Thou art my God ; the rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

P S A L M LX.

- 1 O GOD, who hast our troops dispers'd,
Forsaking those who left thee first ;
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us in mercy, Lord, return.
- 2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand :
O ! heal the breaches thou hast made :
We shake, we fall, without thy aid !
- 3 Our folly's sad effects we feel !
For, drunk with discord's cup, we reel :
But now, for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
- 4 Let thy right hand thy saints protect :
Lord, hear the prayers that we direct :
The holy God has spoke ; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely.

P A R T II.

- 1 EV'N thou, O God, who hast dispers'd
Our troops (for we forsook thee first ;)
Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
- 2 Do thou our fainting cause sustain ;
For human succours are but vain :

E

FRESH

Fresh strength and courage God bestows :
 'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

P S A L M LXII.

- 1 IN God, ye people, always trust ;
 Before his throne pour out your hearts :
 For God, the merciful and just,
 His timely aid to us imparts.
- 2 The vulgar fickle are and frail ;
 The great dissemble and betray ;
 And, laid in truth's impartial scale,
 The lightest things will both outweigh.
- 3 Then trust not in oppressive ways ;
 By spoil and rapine grow not vain ;
 Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
 Be set too much upon your gain.
- 4 For God has oft his will express'd,
 And I this truth have fully known ;
 To be of boundless power possess'd
 Belongs, of right, to God alone.
- 5 Though mercy is his darling grace,
 In which he chiefly takes delight ;
 Yet will he all the human race
 According to their works requite.

P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning prayers shall offer'd be ;
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant :
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 O ! to my longing eyes, once more
 That view of glorious power restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays :
 Because

Because to me thy wonderous love,
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

P A R T II.

- 1 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ;
 With lifted hands adore his name:
 My soul's content shall be as great
 As theirs, who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.
- 2 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
 And when I wake in dead of night,
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

P S A L M LXIV.

- 1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint;
 To my request give ear:
 Preserve my life from cruel foes,
 And free my soul from fear.
- 2 O ! hide me, with thy tenderest care,
 In some secure retreat,
 From sinners that against me rise;
 And all their plots defeat.
- 3 The world shall then God's power confess,
 And nations trembling stand,
 Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
 Of his avenging hand:
- 4 Whilst righteous men, whom God secures,
 In him shall gladly trust;
 And all the listening earth shall hear
 Loud triumphs of the just.

P S A L M LXV.

- 1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat :
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins (though numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And wapest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives !
Whilst we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

P A R T II.

- 1 THOU, Lord, from out thy boundless store,
With rain reliev'st the thirsty ground :
Mak'st lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills :
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blest increase distils.
- 3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
And when thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 4 They drop on barren forests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green :
The hills about in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

5. Large

5. Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The chearful lawns ; the valleys bring
 A plenteous crop of full ear'd corn,
 And seem for joy to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

- 1 O ! all ye nations, bless our God,
 And loudly speak his praise ;
 Who keeps our souls alive, and still
 Confirms our stedfast ways.
 2 O ! come, all ye that fear the Lord,
 Attend with heedful care,
 Whilst I, what God for me has done,
 With grateful joy declare.
 3 As I before his aid implor'd,
 So now I praise his name ;
 Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
 Would all my prayers disclaim.

P A R T II.

- 1 THE Lord to me, whene'er I cry'd,
 His gracious ear did bend,
 And to the voice of my request
 With constant love attend.
 2 Then blest'd for ever be my God
 Who never, when I pray,
 Withholds his mercy from my soul,
 Nor turns his face away.

P S A L M LXVII.

- 1 TO bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine :

E 3

2 That

- 2 That so thy wonderous way
 May through the world be known;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth:
 For thou, the righteous judge and king,
 Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings shower;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless power.

P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 LET God, the God of battle, rise,
 And scat er his presumptuous foes;
 Let shameful rout their host surprize,
 Who spitefully his power oppose.
- 2 As smoke in tempests rage is lost,
 Or wax into the furnace cast;
 So let their sacrilegious host
 Before his wrathful preience waste.
- 3 But let the servants of his will
 His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
 And cheerful songs their tongues employ.
- P A R T

P A R T II.

- 1 TO God your voice in anthems raise;
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.
- 2 Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

P A R T III.

- 1 FOR benefits each day bestow'd
Be daily his great name ador'd;
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.
- 2 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where he has fix'd his earthly throne;
His strength his feeble saints supports,
To God give praise, and God alone.

P S A L M LXIX.

- 1 O LORD, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store;
Display thy truth's preserving power.
- 2 Control the deluge, ere it spread,
And roll it's waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's open pit
To close her jaws on me permit.
- 3 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

P A R T

PART II.

- 1 THE Lord regards the poor's complaint,
Sets prisoners free from close restraint;
Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.
- 2 For God will Sion's walls erect;
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect;
Till all her scatter'd sons repair
To undisturb'd possession there.
- 3 This blessing they shall at their death
To their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endless ages more
Of such as his blest name adore.

P S A L M LXX.

- 1 O LORD, to my relief draw near;
For never was more pressing need:
For my deliverance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliverance speed.
- 2 All those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all, who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
- 3 Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care;
Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

P S A L M LXXI.

- 1 IN thee I put my stedfast trust;
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul;
For righteous is thy name.
- 2 Be thou my strong abiding-place
To which I may resort:

Tis

- 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
 Thou art my rock and fort.
 3 From cruel and ungodly men
 Protect and set me free;
 For, from my earliest youth till now,
 My hope has been in thee.
 4 Thy constant care did safely guard
 My tender infant-days;
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
 To sing thy lasting praise.

P A R T II.

- 1 THY righteous acts, and saving health,
 My mouth shall still declare;
 Unable yet to count them all,
 Though sum'm'd with utmost care.
 2 While God vouchsafes me his support,
 I'll in his strength go on;
 All other righteousnesses disclaim,
 And mention his alone.
 3 Thou, Lord, hast taught me, from my youth,
 To praise thy glorious name:
 And, ever since, thy wondrous works
 Have been my constant theme.
 4 Then now forsake me not, when I
 Am grey and feeble grown;
 Till I to these and future times
 Thy strength and power have shown.

P A R T III.

- 1 HOW high thy justice soars, O God!
 How great and wondrous are
 The mighty works which thou hast done!
 Who may with thee compare!
 2 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd,
 Thy grace shall yet relieve;

And,

- And, from the lowest depths of woe,
With tender care retrieve.
- 3 Then I, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, will praise ;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.
- 4 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice ;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

P S A L M LXXII.

- 1 LORD, let thy just decrees the king
In all his ways direct ;
And let his son, throughout his reign,
Thy righteous laws respect.
- 2 So shall he still thy people judge
With pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
Their just protector find.
- 3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace ;
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness :
- 4 Whilst he the poor and needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway,
And from their humble necks shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

P A R T II.

- 1 CHRIST shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth ;
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.
- 2 In his blest days the just and good
Shall be with favour crown'd ;

The

- The happy land shall every where
With endless peace abound.
- 4 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads ;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquests spreads.
- 3 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring ;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.
- 6 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay :
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

P A R T III.

- 1 The memory of Christ's glorious name
Through endless years shall run :
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.
- 2 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.
- 3 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears ;
Who only wonderful in his works,
Beyond compare appears.
- 4 Let earth be with his glory fill'd ;
Forever bless his name ;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

P S A L M LXXIII.

- AT length, by certain proofs 'tis plain,
That God will to his saints be kind ;

- That all, whose hearts are pure and clean,
 Shall his protecting favour find.
- 2 Till this sustaining truth I knew,
 My staggering feet had almost fail'd :
 I griev'd the sinners wealth to view,
 And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
- 3 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
 But found the case too hard for me ;
 Till to the house of God I went ;
 Then I their end did plainly see.
- 4 How high so'er advanc'd, they all
 On slippery places loosely stand ;
 Thence into ruin headlong fall,
 Cast down by thy avenging hand.
- 5 Whom then in heaven but thee alone
 Have I, whose favour I require ?
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
 That I besides thee can desire.

P A R T II.

- 1 MY trembling flesh, and aching heart,
 May often fail to succour me ;
 But God shall inward strength impart,
 And my eternal portion be.
- 2 For they that far from thee remove
 Shall into sudden ruin fall :
 If after other gods they rove,
 Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
- 3 But as for me, 'tis good and just
 That I should still to God repair :
 In him I always put my trust,
 And will his wonderful works declare.

P S A L M LXXIV.

- 1 THINE, Lord's, the cheerful day, and thine
 The black return of night ;

Thou

- Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun.
 And every feeble light.
 2 By thee the borders of the earth
 In perfect order stand :
 The summer's warmth and winter's cold
 Attend on thy command.

P. S. A. L. M. LXXX.

- 1 O ISRAEL's shepherd, Joseph's guide,
 Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear :
 Thou that dost on cherubs ride,
 Again in solemn state appear.
 2 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou
 The lustre of thy face display,
 And all the ills we suffer now
 Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.
 3 O thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
 How long thy suffering people pray,
 And to their prayers have no return ?
 4 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou
 The lustre of thy face display,
 And all the ills we suffer now
 Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

P. S. A. L. M. LXXXI.

- 1 TO God, our never-falling strength,
 With loud applauses sing :
 And jointly make a cheerful noise
 To Jacob's awful king.
 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
 Your instruments of joy :
 Let psalteries and pleasant harps
 Your grateful skill employ.
 3 For this a statute was of old,
 Which Jacob's God decreed,

To be with pious care observ'd
By Israel's chosen feed.

P A R T II.

- 1 O THAT my people wisely would
My just commandments heed !
And Israel in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed !
- 2 Then should my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppose ;
And my avenging hand be turn'd
Against their numerous foes.
- 3 Their enemies and mine should all
Before my footstool bend :
But as for them, their happy state
Should never know an end.
- 4 All parts with plenty should abound,
With finest wheat their field ;
The barren rocks, to please their taste,
Should richest honey yield.

P S A L M LXXXII.

- 1 GOD in the great assembly stands,
Where his impartial eye
In state surveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.
- 2 How dare ye then unjustly judge,
Or be to sinners kind ?
Defend the orphans and the poor ;
Let such your justice find.
- 3 Protect the humble helpless man,
Reduc'd to deep distress,
And let not him become a prey
To such as would oppress.
- 4 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,
Throughout the earth display ;

And

And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy righteous sway.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1 HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
No longer silent be ;
Nor with consenting quiet looks
Our ruin calmly see.
- 2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes
O'er all the land are spread:
And those, who hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.
- 3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,
They craftily combine ;
And to destroy thy chosen saints
Have laid their close design.
- 4 Come let us cut them off, (say they)
Their nation quite deface ;
That no remembrance may remain
Of Israel's hated race.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, inthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode :
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee the living God.

P A R T II.

- 1 O LORD of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,

F 2

Who.

- Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display !
- 2 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead !
- 3 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
'Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear :

P A R T III.

- 1 O LORD, the mighty God of hosts,
My just request regard :
Thou God of Jacob, let my prayer
Be still with favour heard.
- 2 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.
- 3 Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.
- 4 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.
- 5 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee !

P S A L M LXXXV.

- 1 O GOD our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn ;

That

That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.

- 2 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain ?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

P A R T II.

- 1 THY gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd ;
And, for thy wonderful mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.
- 2 God's answer patiently I'll wait ;
For he, with glad success,
(If they no more to folly turn)
His mourning saints will bless.
- 3 To all that fear his holy name
His sure salvation's near :
And in its former happy state
Our nation shall appear.

P A R T III.

- 1 LET mercy now with truth be join'd,
And righteousness with peace ;
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
- 2 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour :
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty shower.
- 3 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare ;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
- 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore :
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

P A R T II.

- 1 THOU, Lord, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous mercy to all those,
Who for thy mercy sue.
- 2 To my repeated humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be ;
When troubled, I on thee will call ;
For thou wilt answer me.
- 3 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine !
To thee as much inferior they
As are their works to thine.
- 4 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done ;
Confess thee God, the God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.

P A R T III.

- 1 TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart ;

In

In reverence to thy sacred name-
Devoutly fix my heart.

- 2 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.
- 3 Thy boundless mercy shewn to me
Transcends my power to tell:
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

- 1 GOD's temple crowns the holy mount;
The Lord there condescends to dwell:
His Sion's gates in his account
Our Israel's fairest tents excel.
Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of the almighty King!
- 2 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
In Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise,
With that of Tyre and Palestine;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their age and country did adorn.
- 3 But still of Sion I'll aver,
That many such from her proceed;
The Almighty shall establish her,
His general list shall shew, when read,
That such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.
- 4 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd;
And, her transcending fame to crown,
Of such she shall successions bring,
Like waters from a living spring.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- 1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night address my cry:
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear;
To my distress incline thine ear.
- 2 For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade,
Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead.
- 3 Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
Cast off from thy sustaining care,
Down to the confines of despair.
- 4 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless pain:
Me all thy mountain-waves have prest,
Too weak, alas, to bear the least.

P A R T H.

- 1 TO thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn;
My prayer prevents the early morn;
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look?
- 2 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors past distract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall forever last;

Thy

- Thy truth that does the heavens sustain,
 Like them shall stand forever fast,
 3 For such stupendous truth and love,
 Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.
 4 What seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
 Or who among the gods of earth
 With our almighty Lord compare?

P A R T II.

- 1 WITH reverence and religious dread
 God's saints should to his temple press;
 His fear through all their hearts should spread,
 Who his almighty name confess.
 2 Lord God of armies, who can boast
 Of strength or power like thine renown'd?
 Of such a numerous faithful host,
 As that which does thy throne surround?
 3 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
 And change the prospect of the deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

P A R T III.

- 1 IN thee the sovereign right remains
 Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone,
 The world, and all that it contains,
 Their maker and preserver own.
 2 The poles on which the globe does rest
 Were form'd by thy creating voice;
 Tabor and Hermon, East and West,
 In thy sustaining power rejoice.
 3 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
 Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
 Possess'd

Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

- 4 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred gospel's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd !

P A R T IV.

- 1 How long shall we thy absence mourn ?
Wilt thou forever, Lord, retire ?
Shall thy consuming anger burn,
Till that and we at once expire ?
2 Consider, Lord, how short a space
Thou dost for mortal life ordain ;
No method to prolong the race,
But loading it with grief and pain.
3 What man is he that can control
Death's strict unalterable doom ?
Or rescue from the grave his soul,
The grave that must mankind intomb ?

P S A L M XC.

- 1 O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.
2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or the earth and world did'st frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

P A R T II.

- 1 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And:

- And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
 'Tis instantly obey'd.
- 2 For in thy fight a thousand years
 Are like a day that's past,
 Or like a watch in dead of night,
 Whose hours unminded waste.
- 3 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
 We vanish hence like dreams,
 At first we grow like grass, that feels
 The sun's reviving beams :
- 4 But howsoever fresh and fair
 It's morning beauty shows ;
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
 Before the evening close.

P A R T III.

- 1 OUR term of time is seventy years,
 An age that few survive :
 But if, with more than common strength,
 To eighty we arrive :
- 2 Yet then our boasted strength decays,
 To sorrow turn'd and pain :
 So soon the slender thread is cut,
 And we no more remain.

P A R T IV.

- 1 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
 Of our short days to mind,
 That to true wisdom all our hearts
 May ever be inclin'd.
- 2 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
 And speedily relent !
 As we forsake our sins, do thou
 Revoke our punishment.
- 3 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
 Thy early mercy send ;

That

That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

P A R T V.

- 1 LET happy times with large amends
Dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the least the term
Of our afflicted years.
- 2 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wonderful work be known;
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious power be shown.
- 3 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

P S A L M XCII.

- 1 HE, that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide;
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God in whom I will confide.
- 2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.
- 3 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the hottest season slay.

4 A thousand

- 4 A thousand at thy side shall die,
 At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
 While thy firm health untouch'd remains:
 Thou only shalt look on and see
 The wicked's dismal tragedy,
 And count the sinners mournful gains.

P A R T II.

- 1 BECAUSE, with well-plac'd confidence,
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
 And on the Highest dost rely;
 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
 Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
 Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 2 For he throughout thy happy days,
 To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
 Shall give his angels strict commands;
 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
 With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
 Shall bear thee safely in their hands.
- 3 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood,
 And lions roaring for their food,
 Beneath his conquering feet shall lie:
 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
 Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,
 And fix his glorious throne on high.
- 4 He'll call; I'll answer when he calls,
 And rescue him when ill befalls;
 Increase his honour and his wealth:
 And when, with undisturb'd content,
 His long and happy life is spent,
 His end I'll crown with saving health.

P S A L M XCII.

- 1 HOW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high;

G

And

- And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify !
- 2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth, each night
The glad effects repeat !
- 3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd ;
And to the harp with solemn sound,
For sacred use design'd.
- 4 For through thy wonderful works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice :
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

P A R T II.

- 1 HOW wonderful are thy works, O Lord !
How deep are thy decrees !
Whose winding tracts, in secret laid,
No stupid sinner sees.
- 2 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendour must
Forever pass away.

P A R T III.

- 1 ALL righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall make a glorious show ;
As cedars, that on Lebanon
In stately order grow.
- 2 These planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive ;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.
- 3 Thus will the Lord his justice show ;
And God, my strong defence,

Shall

Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M XCIV.

- 1 CAN He be deaf who form'd the ear,
Or blind who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those,
Who his known will defy?
- 2 He fathoms all the thoughts of men,
To him their hearts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

P A R T II.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,

- And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
- 2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress:
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.
- 3 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take:
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

P S A L M XCV.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King:
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrivall'd glory, great:
A King superior far to all,
Whom gods the Heathen falsely call.
- 4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our maker fall.

P S A L M XCVI.

- 1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound;
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd:

To

- To Heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.
- 2 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore ;
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
It's loud applause the ocean roar :
It's mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.
- 3 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit thro' the earth to take :
From heaven to judge the world he's come
With justice to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCVII.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice ;
Let all the isles with sacred mirth
In his applause unite their voice.
- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fixt by his pavilion wait.
- 3 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem :
He'll keep his servants soul entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.
- 4 For seeds are sown of glorious light
A future harvest for the just ;
And gladness for the heart that's right
To recompense his pious trust.

- 5 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVIII.

- 1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wonderous things has done ;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.
2 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.
3 With harp and hymns soft melody,
Into the concert bring
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before the almighty King.
4 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all the seas contain ;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.
5 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
To spreading torrents they ;
And echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey ;
6 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
The guilty nations quake ;
On cherubs wings he sits enthron'd :
Let earth's foundation shake.

- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers ;
Yet thence his sovereignty extends
Supremie o'er earthly powers.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful name ;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness proclaim.
- 4 For truth and justice in his reign
Of strength and power take place :
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispens'd to Jacob's race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God ;
Before his footstool fall ;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.

P S A L M C.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises blest.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

P S A L M CI.

- 1 OF mercy's never-failing spring,
And stedfast judgment I will sing;
And since they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, address my song.
- 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide;
With blameless life myself I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.
- 3 No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my favourites make that do;
Who to reproof has no regard
Him will I totally discard.
- 4 The private slanderer shall be
In public justice doom'd by me:
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
And mortify the heart of pride.
- 5 But honesty, call'd from her cell,
In splendour at my court shall dwell:
Who virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the first preferments there.
- 6 No politics shall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er shall to my favour rise
By flattering or malicious lies.

P S A L M CII.

- 1 WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.
- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress:
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrow soon redress.

- 3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade :
My beauty does, like withered grass,
With waning lustre fade.
- 5 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste :
The memory of thy wonderful works
From age to age shall last.

P A R T II.

- 1 LORD, end not thou my fleeting life,
When half is scarcely past:
Thy years, from worldly changes free,
To endless ages last.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heaven
With wonderful skill have made.
- 3 Whilst thou forever shalt endure
They soon shall pass away,
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.
- 4 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend:
But thou continuest still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.
- 5 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

P S A L M CIII.

- 1 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name forever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis

- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.
- 5 As high as heaven it's arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.
- 6 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

P A R T II.

- 1 THE Lord, the universal King,
In heaven has fix'd his lawful throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his power is shown.
- 2 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will;
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfill.
- 3 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in his concert bear thy part.

PSALM

P S A L M CIV.

- 1 BLESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds :
With honour thou art crown'd ; thy throne
Eternal majesty furrounds.
- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd ;
All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.

P A R T II.

- 1 HOW various, Lord, thy works are found ;
For which thy wisdom we adore ?
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.
- 2 But still, the vast unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of every form and every size.
- 3 These various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree :
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.
- 4 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide :
Thou op'st thy hand ; the universe,
The craving world is all supply'd.

PART

P A R T III.

- 1 IN praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.
- 2 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My soul, praise thou his holy name,
Till with my song the list'ning world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

P S A L M CV.

- 1 O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise; in lofty hymns
His wonderful works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength.
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face forevermore.

P S A L M CVI.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?

What

- What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray :
Who know what's right ; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
- 6 Let Israel's God be ever blest'd,
His name eternally confess'd :
Let all his saints with full accord
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CVII.

- 1 TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does your daily patron prove :
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.
- 2 For he from heaven the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views ;
To hungry souls, that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.
- 3 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world display

P A R T II.

- 1 REMORSELESS wretches, void of sense
With bold transgressions God defy ;

H

And

- And for the multiply'd offence,
Oppress'd with sore diseases lie.
- 2 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near
To death's inhospitable gates.
- 3 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
Do they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.
- 4 He all their sad distempers heals,
His word both health and safety gives;
And, when all human succour fails,
From near destruction them retrieves.
- 5 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays.

P A R T III.

- 1 THEY that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.
- 2 No sooner his command is past,
But forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise.
- 3 Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to heaven,
On tops of mountain-waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driven,
Whilst every soul dissolves with fear.
- 4 They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd;
Nor do the skilful seamen know,
Which way to steer, what course is best.
- 5 Then

- 5 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.
- 6 He does the raging storm appease,
And makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see the fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.
- 7 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

P A R T IV.

- 1 A FRUITFUL land, where streams abound,
God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.
- 2 The parch'd and desert heath he makes
To flow with streams and springing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
And in strong cities safely dwells.
- 3 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
His fruitful seed or stock decay.
- 4 But when his sins heaven's wrath provoke,
His health and substance fade away;
He feels the oppressor's galling yoke,
And is of grief the wretched prey.
- 5 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
Sets up the humble man on high,
And makes in time his numerous heirs
With his increasing flocks to vie.
- 6 Then sinners shall have nought to say,
The just a decent joy shall shew;

The wise these strange events shall weigh,
And thence God's goodness fully know.

P S A L M CVIII.

- 1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those people sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell:
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world with one consent
Confess thy glorious name.

P A R T II.

- 1 LORD, wilt not thou assist our arms,
Which late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou of these our hosts
Once more the guidance take?
- 2 O to thy servants in distress
Thy speedy succour send;
For vain it is on human aid
For safety to depend.
- 3 Then valiant acts shall we perform,
If thou thy power disclose;

For

For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our foes.

P S A L M CIX.

- 1 O GOD, whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favour view.
- 2 For sinful men, with lying lips,
Deceitful speeches frame,
And with their study'd slanders seek
To wound my spotless fame.
- 3 But I to God, in grateful thanks,
My cheerful voice will raise;
And where the great assembly meets,
Set forth his noble praise.
- 4 For him the poor shall always find
Their sure and constant friend:
And he shall from unrighteous dooms
Their guiltless souls defend.

P S A L M CX.

- 1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus spoke;
Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
Sit thou, in state, at my right hand:
Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
And all thy proud opposers see
Subjected to thy just command.
- 2 Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
The willing nations shall obey:
And, when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all, redeem'd from error's night,
Appear as numberless and bright:
As crystal drops and morning dew.

H 3.

P S A L M.

P S A L M CXI.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
- 2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wonderous works, with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wonderous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is the Lord.

P A R T II.

- 1 JUST are the dealings of God's hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
- 2 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
Forever to remain the same ;
Holy and reverend is his name.
- 3 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

P S A L M CXII.

- 1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;

His

- His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
 An inexhausted treasury;
 His justice, free from all decay,
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 3 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night;
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
 As well as just to all mankind.
- 4 His liberal favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends;
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 5 Beset with threatening dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
 The sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record;
 His sacred name forever blest:
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 God through the world extends his sway:
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are:
 With him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.
- 3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heaven what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

4 When

- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessing of an heir
 To rescue their expiring name;
 Makes her that barren was to bear,
 And joyfully her fruit to rear,
 O then extol his matchless fame!

P S A L M CXIV.

- 1 WHEN Israel, by the Almighty led,
 Enrich'd by their oppressor's spoil,
 From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed
 From bondage in a foreign soil;
 2 Jehovah, for his residence,
 Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
 His mansion royal, and from thence
 Through Israel's camp his orders sent:
 3 The distant sea with terror saw,
 And from the Almighty's presence fled;
 Old Jordan's streams, surpriz'd with awe,
 Retreated to their fountain's head.
 4 The taller mountains skip'd like rams,
 When danger near the fold they hears;
 The hills skip'd after them like lambs,
 Affrighted by their leader's fear.

P A R T II.

- 1 O SEA! what made your tide withdraw,
 And naked leave your oozy bed?
 Why, Jordan, against nature's law,
 Recoil'dst thou to thy fountain's head?
 2 Why, mountains, did ye skip like rams,
 When danger does approach the fold?
 Why after you the hills like lambs,
 When they their leader's flight behold?
 3 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear
 Thy Lord and Maker's face to see:

When

- When Jacob's awful God draws near,
 'Tis time for earth and seas to flee;
 4 To flee from God, who nature's law
 Confirms and cancels at his will;
 Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,
 And thirsty vales with water fill.

P S A L M CXV.

- 1 LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
 But to thy sacred name
 Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
 And truth's eternal fame.
 2 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
 On him they fear rely;
 Who them in danger can defend,
 And all their wants supply.
 3 Heaven's highest orb of glory he
 His empire's seat design'd;
 And gave this lower globe of earth,
 A portion to mankind.
 4 They, who in death and silence sleep,
 To him no praise afford:
 But we will bless for evermore
 Our ever-living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 My soul with grateful thoughts of love
 Intirely is possess'd,
 Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
 The voice of my request.
 2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
 I never will despair;
 But still in all the straits of life
 To him address my prayer.
 3 Therefore my life's remaining years,
 Which God to me shall lend,

Will

Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service, spend.

P S A L M CXVII.

- 1 With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise :
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing people round
Their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVIII.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay ;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.
- 2 Then open wide the temple-gates
To which the just repair ;
That I may enter in, and praise
My great deliverer there.
- 3 Within those gates of God's abode
To which the righteous press ;
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy name I'll bless.
- 4 That which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner-stone ;
'This is the wonderful work of God,
The work of God alone.
- 5 This day is God's ; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice :
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

PART

P A R T II.

- 1 THOU art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
- 2 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

P S A L M CXIX.

- 1 HOW blest'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!
- 2 How blest'd! who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win!
- 3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside!
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

P A R T II.

- 1 HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?

By

- By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
- 2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.
- 3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.
- 4 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name:
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

P A R T III.

- 1 BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My future time may spend.
- 2 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wonderful works which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.
- 3 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,
With earnest longing spent,
Whilst always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.
- 4 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care
To guide my steps aright.

P A R T IV.

- 1 MY soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust does cleave:

Receive

- Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd aid receive.
- 2 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
Who didst incline thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer.
- 3 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wonderous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.

P A R T V.

- 1 THY faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.
- 3 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free:
- 4 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run,
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
Successfully go on.

P A R T VI.

- 1 INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord;
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.
- 2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;

I

Because

- Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
4 Do thou, to thy most just commands,
Incline my willing heart :
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

P A R T VII.

- 1 THY constant blessing, Lord, bestow
To cheer my drooping heart ;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.
2 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make ;
In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break.
3 Ere long I trust to walk at large,
From all incumbrance free ;
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.
4 Thy laws shall be my constant talk,
And princes shall attend,
Whilst I the justice of thy ways
With confidence defend.
5 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I
My happy hours employ.
6 Then will I to thy just decrees
Lift up my willing hands ;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

P A R T VIII.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy promis'd grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend :

Make

- Make good to me the word on which
 Thy servant's hopes depend.
 2 That only comfort in distress
 Did all my griefs control ;
 Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
 Reviv'd my fainting soul.

P A R T IX.

- 1 LORD, I thy statutes and decrees
 My cheerful anthems made ;
 Whilst through strange lands and desert wilds
 I like a pilgrim stray'd.
 2 Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
 Has fill'd my thoughts by night ;
 I then resolv'd by thy just laws
 To guide my steps aright.
 3 That peace of mind, which has my soul
 In deep distress sustain'd,
 By strict obedience to thy will
 I happily obtain'd.

P A R T X.

- 1 O LORD, my God, my portion thou
 And sure possession art ;
 Thy words I stedfastly resolve
 To treasure in my heart.
 2 With all the strength of warm desire
 I did thy grace implore :
 Disclose, according to thy word,
 Thy mercy's boundless store.
 3 With due reflection and strict care
 On all my ways I thought ;
 And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
 My wandering steps I brought.
 4 I lost no time, but made great haste,
 Resolv'd, without delay,

To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

P A R T XI.

- 1 IN dead of night I will arise
To sing thy praise, O Lord,
Convinc'd how much I always ought
To love thy righteous ways.
- 2 To such as fear thy holy name
Myself I closely join ;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.
- 3 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed ;
O make me then exactly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

P A R T XII.

- 1 WITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord ;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.
- 2 Teach me the sacred skill by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have stedfastly remain'd.
- 3 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.
- 4 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so ;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
The saving skill bestow.

P A R T

P A R T XIII.

- 1 'TIS good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chastening rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.
- 2 The law, that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more esteem I hold
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

P A R T XIV.

- 1 THAT right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see ;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
- 2 O let thy tender mercy then
Afford me needful aid ;
According to thy promise, Lord,,
To me, thy servant, made.
- 3 To me thy saving grace restore,
'That I again may live ;
Whose soul can relish no delight,
But what thy precepts give.
- 4 In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always found ;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

P A R T XV.

- 1 MY soul with long expectance waits
To see thy saving grace :
Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.
- 2 My eyes, O Lord, consume and fail
With waiting for thy word ;

O ! when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promis'd aid afford ?

P A R T XVI.

- 1 FOREVER and forever, Lord,
Unchang'd thou dost remain ;
Thy word establish'd in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.
- 2 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand ;
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st,
By thy almighty hand.
- 3 All things the course by thee ordain'd
Even to this day fulfil ;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

P A R T XVII.

- 1 UNLESS thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd
In dark affliction's night.
- 2 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart ;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restor'd my dying heart.
- 3 As I am thine, intirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from harm,
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
And carefully perform.
- 4 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below :
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

P A R T

P A R T XVIII.

- 1 THE love that to thy laws I bear
No tongue, Lord, can display ;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My ravish'd thoughts all day.
- 2 Through thy commands I wiser grow
Than all my subtle foes ;
For thy sure word doth me direct,
And all my ways dispose.
- 3 From me my former teachers now
May abler counsel take,
Because thy sacred precepts I
My constant study make.
- 4 In understanding I excel
The sages of our days,
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.
- 5 My feet with care I have refrain'd
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Intire obedience pay.

P A R T XIX.

- 1 I HAVE not from thy judgments stray'd,
By vain desires misled ;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 2 How sweet are all thy words to me !
O what divine repast !
How much more grateful to my soul,
Than honey to my taste !
- 3 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heavenly skill am blest,
Through which the treacherous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

P A R T

P A R T XX.

- 1 THY word is to my feet, O Lord,
A lamp the truth to shew;
A watch-light to point out the path,
In which I ought to go.
- 2 I swear, and from my solemn oath
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will stedfastly abide.
- 3 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice ;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.
- 4 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey,
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep the upright way.

P A R T XXI.

- 1 DECEITFUL thoughts and practices
I utterly detest ;
But to thy laws affection bear
Too great to be exprest.
- 2 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou, O Lord ;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

P A R T XXII.

- 1 MY eyes, O Lord, begin to fail,
In long expectance held ;
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfill'd.
- 2 To me, thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,

And

- And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.
- 3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.
- 4 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,
Thy vengeance to employ,
When men with open violence
Thy sacred laws destroy.
- 5 Yet their contempt of thy commands
But makes their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold
Compar'd with them despise.
- 6 Thy precepts therefore I account,
In all respects, divine :
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

P A R T XXIII.

- 1 THE wonders of thy laws, O Lord,
No words can represent ;
Therefore to learn and practice them
My zealous heart is bent.
- 2 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.
- 3 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

P A R T XXIV.

- 1 WITH favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore ;

As

- As thou art wont to visit those,
Who thy blest name adore.
- 2 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
- 3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine :
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

P A R T XXV.

- 1 THOU art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust ;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.
- 2 Most just and true those statutes were,
Which thou didst first decree ;
And all with faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding times shall see.
- 3 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is past ;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall forever last.
- 4 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite ;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.
- 5 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give :
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul forever live.

P A R T XXVI.

- 1 WITH my whole heart to God I call'd;
Lord, hear my earnest cry ;

And

- And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.
- 2 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies thoroughly know,
And stedfastly obey.
- 3 My earlier prayer the dawning day
Prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whose engaging word
My hope alone rely'd.
- 4 With zeal have I awak'd before
The midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
Might perfect knowledge get.

P A R T XXVII.

- 1 LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour shew ;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true.
- 2 My persecuting foes advance,
And hourly nearer draw ;
What treatment can I hope from them,
Who violate thy law ?
- 3 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is
Thou, Lord, art yet more near ;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
Thy promises sincere.
- 4 Concerning thy divine decrees
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

P A R T XXVIII.

- 1 CONSIDER my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw ;

Think

- Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.
- 2 Plead thou my cause; to that and me
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me
According to thy word.
- 3 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.
- 4 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.
- 5 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm
To endless ages last.

P A R T XXIX.

- 1 SUBSTANTIAL peace, O Lord, have they,
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.
- 2 For thy salvation I have hop'd,
And though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care
All thy commands obey'd.
- 3 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd;
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.
- 4 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

P A R T

P A R T XXX.

- 1 TO my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.
- 2 Let my repeated prayer at last
Before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.
- 3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.
- 4 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 TO Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep :
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's people keep.
- 3 From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still ;
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

P S A L M CXXII.

- 1 O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel; to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united towers.
- 3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his church to celebrate
His name with praise and prayer.

P A R T II.

- 1 O PRAY we now for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God!
Who bear true love to thee.
- 2 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.
- 3 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends,
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray: May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.
- 4 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever with thee wall,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

P S A L M CXXIII.

- 1 ON thee, who dwell'st above the skies,
For mercy wait my longing eyes;

As

- As servants watch their master's hands,
And maids their mistresses commands.
2 O then have mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious aid to us afford :
To us, whom cruel foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our distress.

P S A L M CXXIV.

- 1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Been pleas'd to interpose ;
Had he not then espous'd our cause,
When men against us rose :
2 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without control ;
Their spite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.
3 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
Who rescu'd us that day ;
Nor to their savage jaws gave up
Our threaten'd lives a prey.
4 Our soul is like a bird escap'd
From out the fowler's net ;
The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
And we at freedom set.
5 Secure in his almighty name
Our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heaven and earth,
Of both sole monarch reigns.

P S A L M CXXV.

- 1 WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immovable be fix'd
By his almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem inclose ;

- So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
3 Be good, O righteous God, to those,
Who righteous deeds affect:
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.
4 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy,
Cut off the unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

P S A L M CXXVI.

- 1 WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd
From long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
(Of what we wish'd to see:
2 But soon, in unaccustom'd mirth,
We did our voice employ,
And sung our great restorer's praise
In thankful hymns of joy.
3 Our wicked foes repining stood,
Yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wonderous was the work
Our God for us had done.
4 'Twas great, say they; 'twas wonderous great,
Much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad success.

P A R T II.

- 1 TO us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing showers
To parch'd and thirsty lands.
2 That we whose work commenc'd in tears,
May see our labour thrive,

Till

- Till finish'd with success, to make
 Our drooping hearts revive.
 3. Though he desponds that sows his grain,
 Yet doubtless he shall come
 To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring
 The joyful harvest home.

P S A L M CXXVII.

- 1 WE build with fruitless cost, unless
 The Lord the pile sustain;
 Unless the Lord the city keep,
 The watchman wakes in vain.
 2 In vain we rise before the day,
 And late to rest repair,
 Allow no respite to our toil,
 And eat the bread of care.
 3 Supplies of life, with ease to them;
 He on his saints bestows:
 He crowns their labour with success,
 Their nights with sound repose.

P A R T II.

- 1 CHILDREN; those comforts of our life,
 Are presents from the Lord;
 He gives a numerous race of heirs,
 As piety's reward.
 2 As arrows in a giant's hand,
 When marching forth to war,
 Even so the sons of sprightly youth
 Their parent's safeguard are.
 3 Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd
 With these prevailing arms;
 He needs not fear to meet his foe,
 At law, or war's alarms.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 THE man is blest that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
To his appointed ways.
- 2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed ;
Without dependance live, and see
His wishes all succeed.
- 3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit shall bring ;
His children, like young olive-plants,
About his table spring.
- 4 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus ;
Him Sion's God shall bless ;
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.
- 5 He shall live on, till heirs from him
Descend with vast increase :
Much bless'd in his own prosperous state,
And more in Israel's peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

- 1 FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
They oft have me assail'd,
Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits,
But never quite prevail'd.
- 2 They oft have plow'd my patient back
With furrows deep and long :
But our just God has broke their chains,
And rescu'd us from wrong.
- 3 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout,
Be still the doom of those,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
And Sion's God oppose.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

P A R T II.

- 1 MY soul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
- 2 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succour flows.
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXI.

- 1 O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.
- 2 With infant innocence thou know'st
I have myself demean'd;

Compos'd.

- Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
That from the breast is wean'd.
3 Like me let Israel hope in God,
His aid alone implore ;
Both now and ever trust in him,
Who lives forevermore.

P S A L M CXXXII.

- 1 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest ;
Be that, not only with thy truth,
But with thy presence blest.
2 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice ;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.
3 For Sion does in God's esteem
All other seats excel ;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.
4 O with due reverence let us then
To his abode repair ;
And, prostrate at his footstool fallen,
Pour out our humble prayer.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 1 HOW vast must their advantage be !
How great their pleasure prove !
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !
2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robe
It's costly moisture shed.
3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil ;

Or

Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That in his temple, day and night,
With humble reverence wait.
- 2 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name ;
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

P S A L M CXXXV

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his utmost courts
With humble zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.
- 4 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes ;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valu'd treasure takes.

PART

P A R T II.

- 1 THEIR just returns of thanks to God.
Let grateful Israel pay ;
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.
- 2 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord
His name forever bless.
- 3 Let all with thanks his wonderful works
In Zion's court proclaim,
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy name.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat :
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 2 To him whose wonderful power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.
- 3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.
- 4 He spread the ocean round,
About the spacious land ;

And

And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.

For God, &c.

- 5 Through heaven he did display
His numerous hosts of light ;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

- 6 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live ;
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give :
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1 O SALEM, our once happy seat !
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.
2 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

- 1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim :
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou

- 3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
2 Thine eye my bed and paths surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd word's intent.
3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
4 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?
5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light:
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
6 If I the morning's wing could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

P A R T II.

- 1 LORD, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

2 The

- 2 The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
 Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
 As in the blazing noon of day.
- 3 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
 My reins and every vital part:
 Each single thread, in nature's loom,
 By thee was cover'd in the womb.

P A R T III.

- 1 I'LL praise thee from whose hands I came,
 A work of such a curious frame:
 The wonders thou in me hast shown,
 My soul with grateful joy must own.
- 2 Thine eyes my substance did survey,
 While yet a lifeless mass it lay;
 In secret how exactly wrought,
 Ere from its dark inclosure brought.
- 3 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
 It's parts were register'd by thee;
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 4 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
 That since this maze of life I trod,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The power of numbers to recount.
- 5 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
 The sands upon the ocean's shore;
 Each morn, revising what I've done,
 I find th' account but new begun.
- 6 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 If mischief lurks in any part;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

L

P S A L M

P S A L M CXLI.

- 1 TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
O haste to my relief;
And with accustom'd pity hear
The accents of my grief.
- 2 Instead of offerings, let my prayer
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands supply the place
Of evening sacrifice.
- 3 O Lord, to thee I still direct
My supplicating eyes,
O leave not destitute my soul,
Whose trust on thee relies.

P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 To God with mournful voice
In deep distress I pray'd;
Made him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before him laid.
- 2 I look'd, but found no friend
To own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
His pity or redress.
- 3 To God at last I pray'd;
Thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.
- 4 That I may praise thy name,
My soul from prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me
Assembled saints shall sing.

P S A L M CXLIII.

- 1 LORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wanted audience lend;

In

- In thy accustom'd faith and truth
 A gracious answer send.
 2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
 Thy servant to be try'd ;
 For in thy fight no living man
 Can e'er be justify'd.

P A R T II.

- 1 MY spirit, Lord, is overwhelm'd,
 And sinks within my breast ;
 My mournful heart grows desolate,
 With heavy woes oppress'd.
 2 I call to mind the days of old,
 And wonders thou hast wrought ;
 My former dangers and escapes
 Employ my musing thought.
 3 To thee my hands in humble prayer
 I fervently stretch out ;
 My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
 Like land oppress'd with drought.
 4 Hear me with speed ; my spirit fails ;
 Thy face no longer hide,
 Lest I become forlorn, like them
 That in the grave reside.
 5 Thy kindness early let me hear,
 Whose trust on thee depends ;
 Teach me the way that I should go ;
 My soul to thee ascends.

P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 LORD, what's in man that thou should'st love
 Of him such tender care to take ?
 What in his offspring could thee move
 Such great account of him to make ?
 2 The life of man does quickly fade,
 His thoughts but empty are and vain ;

His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

P S A L M CXLV.

- 1 THEE I will blefs, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim :
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever blefs thy name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.
- 3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends ;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.
- 4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wonderous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.
- 5 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim ;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

P A R T II.

- 1 THE Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.
- 2 Thy love through earth extends it's fame,
To all thy works express ;
These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blest.
- 3 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak ;

And

- And thy great power by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.
- 4 God's glorious works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known ;
And thus his kingdom's royal state
With public splendor shown.
- 5 His stedfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand forever fast ;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself out-last.

P A R T III.

- 1 THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise ;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.
- 2 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives ;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.
- 3 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame,
And all mankind with one consent
Forever bless his name.

P S A L M CXLVI.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
Forever bless his name :
His wonderful love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
- 2 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save in dangerous times,
Nor timely help apply.
- 3 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie,

And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.

- 4 Then happy he, who Jacob's God,
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

P A R T II.

- 1 THE Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
- 2 The poor, oppress'd, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.
- 3 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fallen he rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.
- 4 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.
- 5 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal king :
From age to age his reign endures :
Let all his praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame ;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy name.
- 2 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds doth close ;

He

- He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.
3 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound ;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

P A R T II.

- 1 TO God the Lord a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing ;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.
2 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows ;
Through him on mountain-tops the grass
With wonderous plenty grows.
3 He savage beasts, that loosely range,
With timely food supplies ;
He feeds the ravens tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.
4 He values not the warlike steed,
But does his strength disdain ;
The nimble foot that swiftly runs
No prize from him can gain.
5 But he to him that fears his name
His tender love extends ;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim

And

- And seraphim,
To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came :
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
- 4 United zeal be shown,
His wonderous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey :
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.
- 5 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM

P S A L M CXLIX.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our kind Creator
Let Israel rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name
Extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

P S A L M CL.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows :
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,
Which he on our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltry's silver sound.
- 4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance ;
Let instruments of various string,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

5 Let

- 5 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

DOXOLOGIES.

Long Measure.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Common Measure.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Measure.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Six Lines.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By

By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

As the 148 Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise ;
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

As the 149 Psalm.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God three in person,
One God ever blest'd ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

End of the Psalms.



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F I N I S



A

SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

When Christ and his Apostles had sung an
HYMN, they went out into the mount of Olives.

ST. MATTHEW.

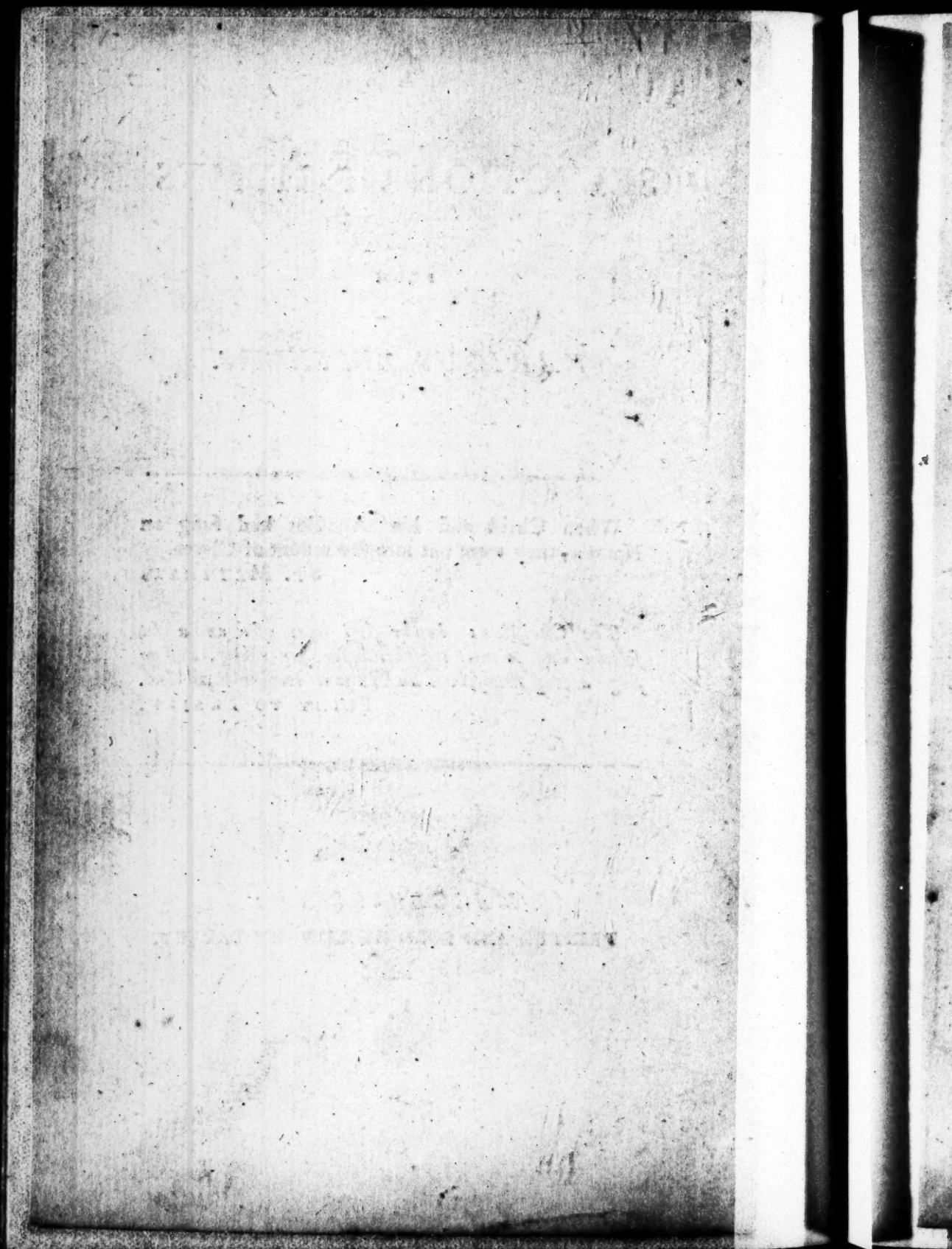
*The Christians in the first ages used on a set
solemn day to meet together before sun-rising, and to
sing among themselves an HYMN to Christ as God.*

PLINY TO TRAJAN.

Wm. Bayley
MAGGLESFIELD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY EDWARD BAYLEY.

1795.





SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN I.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thy anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song,
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

H Y M N II.

- 1 P'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

H Y M N III.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;

- The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name:
 4 In every land begin the song;
 To every land the strains belong:
 In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

H Y M N IV.

- 1 LORD and God of heavenly powers,
 Theirs, yet O! benignly ours;
 Glorious King! let earth proclaim,
 Worms attempt to chaunt thy name.
 2 Thee to laud in songs divine
 Angels and archangels join;
 We with them our voices raise,
 Echoing thy eternal praise.
 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Live by heaven and earth ador'd;
 Full of thee they ever cry,
 Glory be to God on high!

H Y M N V.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King;
 Meet in every time and place
 To rehearse his solemn praise.
 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,
 Angels, help the cheerful sound;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to the eternal God.
 3 Praises here to thee we give,
 Gracious thou our thanks receive;
 Holy Father, sovereign Lord,
 Every where be thou ador'd!

H Y M N VI.

- 1 GLORY to God on high,
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name;
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And shout with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 'Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious king,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

H Y M N VII.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-belov'd of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing:
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless,
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd;
Hail, tho everlasting Lord:
Thee, with thankful hearts, we prove
Lord of power, and God of love!

H Y M N VIII.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys:
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou can'st read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir!
 That fill the realms above;
 Praise him who form'd you off his fire,
 And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye chrystal skies,
 The floor of his abode;
 Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
 Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days,
 Join with the silver queen of night,
 To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
 Through the etherial blue,
 For when his chariot is a cloud,
 He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
 In your eternal roar;
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,
 And shore reply to shore.

- 6 Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 7 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow ;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.
- 8 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

H Y M N X.

- 1 GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
And check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 THE glorious armies of the sky,
To thee, O mighty King!
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing :
But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee ;
How distant then most human praise
From thy perfection be !
- 2 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature, in its various ways,
Displays thy excellence !
The active lights, that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent eloquence.
- 3 The blushes of the morn confess,
That thou art much more fair,
When in the east its beams revive
'To gild the fields of air.
The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of every flowery bloom,
In balmy whispers owns from thee
Their pleasing odours come.
- 4 The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murmuring fall,
To praise the first almighty cause
With different voices call :
Thy numerous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be ?
No ! rather let me cease to breathe
Than cease from praising thee !

H Y M N XII.

- 1 BEGIN the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing

A solemn hymn of grateful praise,
To heaven's almighty King.

Ye circling fountains, as you roll
Your silver waves along,

Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

2 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
My lofty theme convey.

4 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To every flying strain.

4 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky,
Till angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony.

While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing,
And warble consecrated lays
To heaven's almighty King.

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;

- His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fixt the starry lights on high :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heavenly seat ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd !
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye angels, that, with loud acclaim,
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd the eternal King,
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.
- 3 Praise him, ye bless'd ethereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne :
 Ye waters, that above him roll
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known !

- 4 Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, powers,
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours,
 With us your voices raise ;
 From age to age extend the lay,
 To heaven's eternal Monarch pay
 Hymns of eternal praise.
- 5 Ye spirits of the just and good,
 That, eager for the blest abode,
 To heavenly mansions soar,
 O! let your songs his praise display,
 Till heaven itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more.

H Y M N XV.

- 1 BEGIN, my Soul, the exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name ;
 Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
 While all the adoring throngs around
 His wondrous mercy sing ;
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God ;
 Ye thunders, speak his power :
 Lo! on the lightening's gleamy wing,
 In triumph walks the eternal King ;
 The astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
 To join the thunders of the skies ;
 Praise him who bid you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sin
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him, who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 HAIL to Emanuel's ever-honour'd name!
 Spread it, ye angels, thro' heaven's sacred frame.
 Ye scepter'd Cherubim, before his throne,
 And flaming Seraphim, bow humbly down.
 He is your head; with prostrate awe adore him,
 And lay with joy your radiant crowns before him.
- 2 Array'd in his resurgent beams ye shine,
 And draw existence from his source divine;
 Grateful ye wait the signal of his hand,
 Honour'd too highly by his least command:
 In him the indwelling Deity admiring,
 And to his brighter image still aspiring.
- 3 Mortals with you in cheerful homage join,
 And bring their anthems to Emanuel's shrine;
 Mean as we are, with sins and griefs beset,
 We glory, that in him we are compleat.
 He is our head, and we with you adore him,
 And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts, before him.
- 4 We sing the blood, that ransom'd us from hell;
 We sing the graces, that in Jesus dwell;
 Led by his Spirit, guarded by his hand,
 Our hopes anticipate your goodly land;
 Still his incarnate Deity admiring,
 And with heaven's hierarchy in praise co-aspiring.

H Y M N XVII.

- 1 BLEST be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 2 Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate,
- 2 Praise ye the Lord for he is good,
To praise his name is sweet employ ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 HOSANNAH to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brought salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage ;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

H Y M N XX.

- 1 PRAISE to the God who arch'd the sky,
Is the high note that wakes my tongue :

- Praise to the God, who reigns on high,
 Shall be the cadence of the song :
 Celestial worlds, your Maker's name
 Resound through every shining coast :
 Our God a greater praise will claim,
 Where he unfolds his glories most.
- 2 Angels, that his commission bear,
 And ye that wait around the throne,
 Next in the tuneful work appear,
 And send your lofty honours down.
 Stupendous globe of flaming day,
 Praise him in thy sublime career,
 He struck from night thy peerless ray,
 Weigh'd thee thy path and guides thee there.
- 3 Moon, milder regent of the night,
 Our God expects his praise from you,
 If faint your beams, yet they can write
 In fainter strokes his praises too.
 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given,
 Night's sabler horrors to illumine ;
 Praise him who hung you in the heaven,
 With vivid fires to gild the gloom.
- 4 Oceans, with all the enormous race
 Peopling your wombs, his name adore ;
 Soft be the note, if smooth your face,
 But sounding, if their billows roar.
 Dragons, of huge terrific size,
 Can you your Maker's praise forbear ?
 His vengeance flashes in your eyes,
 Your backs his scaly livery wear.
- 5 Lightnings, that round the Eternal play,
 Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd,
 The grandeur of your God convey,
 Blazing or bursting on the world :
 Let rounded hail, let fleecy snow,
 Publish their Maker's wide renown :
 Snows, you must waft it soft and slow,
 While hail in tempest bears it down.

- 6 Whirlwinds, that with impetuous force
 Fulfil Jehovah's dire commands,
 Praise him in your unfetter'd course,
 And sound his terrors through the lands.
 Vapours, when you ascend the skies,
 Array'd in beauties not your own,
 On your gay plumes let praises rise,
 And aid the concert to the throne.
- 7 Mountains, with everlasting zeal,
 Proclaim your Maker's name abroad :
 While grove to grove, and hill to hill,
 In humble echos praise their God.
 Praise him, ye trees, with verdure crown'd,
 Or hung with fruits of golden dye,
 From the low shrub that creeps the ground,
 To cedars waving in the sky.
- 8 Resound his name, ye beasts of prey,
 Through all your dens in awful strains,
 And let the lowing herds essay
 His honours as they graze the plains.
 Ye birds, in painted plumage drest,
 Tune to your God your labouring throats ;
 By reptiles be his praise exprest,
 Though rude and artless be their notes.
- 9 Monarchs, who hold imperial sway,
 By leave from heaven's eternal King,
 Come with the millions that obey
 Your nod, and your Creator sing.
 Judges, enthron'd in solemn state,
 The impartial Judge of all revere ;
 And while you seal the guilty's fate,
 Think of your sentence at his bar.
- 10 Let youth of every sex and rank,
 Exulting in the bloom of life,
 Their God for all his blessings thank,
 And join the loud harmonious strife.
 Hoary in holiness the sage
 With grateful songs should meet his death.

And infants, in their tender age,
 Should lisp their God with joyful breath.
 11 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Be the almighty God ador'd;
 He made the nations by his power,
 And sways them with his sovereign word.
 At once let nature's ample round,
 To God the vast thanksgiving raise :
 His high perfection knows no bound,
 But fills the immensity of space.

H Y M N XXI.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wonderous fair : thyself how wonderous then !
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven :
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 (Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater : sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And, ye five other wandering fires, that move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as new light dispels the dark.

H Y M N XXII.

THESE, as they change, almighty Father, these,
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales,
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
 Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deeps; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
 Nature, attend! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!

Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale: and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
 Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints,
 Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to him!
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: he hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven,
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
 'There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
 Rustles the plain, inspiring autumn gleams ;
 Or winter rises in the blackening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me ;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons ;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And batter thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in him, in light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts it's sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest fims of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

H Y M N XXIV.

- Air. LAMB of God, that in the bosom
Of the Father dwellest high,
Deign to visit humble sinners,
From thy rest above the sky.
- Chorus. God the mighty, leave thy glory,
Nor abhor the Virgin's womb;
Spread salvation like a river;
Jesus, let thy kingdom come.

Air. Shepherds, did you hear him coming,
 Whilst you kept your flocks by night?
 Did you see his star in heaven
 Blaze with new created light?

Chorus. Haste, ye Magi, come and worship,
 See the orient star before;
 Bring your presents, gold and spices,
 Blest Arabia's balmy store.

Air. All ye joyous hosts of Heaven,
 Loudly speak the Saviour's praise;
 Saints and angels, in full chorus,
 Your seraphic voices raise.

Chorus. Come, O come, your hallelujahs
 In wide echoing songs proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, with joy resounding,
 Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

H Y M N XXV.

1 **BREATHE** in praise of your Creator,
 Every heart his honours raise,
 Magnify the God of grace,
 Hallelujah!

Fill the universe with praise.

2 Sing with glad anticipation,
 Mortals and immortals sing:
 Jesus comes with full salvation,
 Jesus doth his glory bring;
 Hallelujah!

God omnipotent is king.

H Y M N XXVI.

1 **LONG** had earth's numerous nations sought
 Salvation to obtain,
 Pardon and peace, and endless life,
 And happiness in vain.

- 2 Israel, through every land dispers'd,
Sprung forth with eager wish,
In their Messiah to embrace
The long expected bliss.
- 3 And lo ! he comes, the Saviour comes,
The promis'd seed appears ;
He, in whom center'd all the hopes
Of past and future years.
- 4 He comes from an abyss of woes
To raise our ruin'd race ;
He bleeds, he dies, that we might share
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 Wonderous event, more wonderous love
Of our incarnate God !
Should we be mute, sure rocks would wake
To spread his praise abroad.

H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound ;
See the almighty Jesus crown'd,
Girt with omnipotence and grace !
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High
Our God, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.
- 5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore ;

Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee, great Three-in-One!

H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!
- 4 Now redemption long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 HARK! ye mortals, hear the trumpet
Sounding loud the mighty roar;
Hark! the arch-angel's voice proclaiming,
Thou, old time, shalt be no more.
Rolling ages, &c. &c.
Now your solemn close appears.

- 2 This great moving frame of nature,
That huge mass of blazing day;
Yonder arch'd expanse of heaven,
Ye must all dissolve away.
Hark! the arch-angel, &c. &c.
Swells the solemn summons loud.
- 3 See the gloomy prisoners rising,
Hells dark caverns yawning wide;
Wild confusion seize the Christless,
Horrors fill the spacious void:
Come, ye mountains, &c. &c.
Hide us from his dire revenge.
- 4 See the purple banner flying,
Hear! the judgment chariot rolls;
Lift the Saviour's words of mercy;
Come, ye ransom'd heaven-born souls,
Judge these nations, &c. &c.
Now they all shall feel my power.
- 5 Hurl'd in countless numbers downward,
See in wild disorder driven;
Tortur'd with despair and anguish,
Lost (and that for ever) heaven;
How tremendous, &c. &c.
Sounds their last decisive doom!
- 6 See the souls that earth despised
In celestial glories move;
Hallelujahs big with wonder
Hymning Christ's eternal love:
Hallelujahs, &c. &c.
Echo thro' the realms of light.
- 7 Joys ecstatic, hymns harmonious,
In soft symphony resound;
Angels, seraphs, harps, and trumpets,
Swell the sweet angelic sound.
Hail, Almighty, &c. &c.
Great eternal Lord! *Amen.*

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake !
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar ;
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are ;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend ;
Your head to glorify
With all his saints ascend.
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see without a veil his face.

* H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the trump of God
Sounds through the realms abroad,
Time is no more ;
Horrors invest the skies,
Graves burst and myriads rise,
Nature in agonies
Yields up her store.
- 2 Chang'd in a moment's space,
Lo, the affrighted race

* On the last day : said to have been written, during a storm at sea, by Richard Kempenselt, Esq; rear admiral of the blue : who went down in the Royal George, when she foundered at Spithead, on Thursday the 29th of August, 1782.

Shriek and despair;
 Now they attempt to fly,
 Curse immortality,
 And eye their misery,
 Dreadfully near.

- 3 Quick reels the bursting earth,
 Rock'd by a storm of wrath,
 Hurl'd from her sphere;
 Heart-rending thunders roll,
 Demons tormented howl,
 Great God! support my soul,
 Yielding to fear.

- 4 O my Redeemer, come,
 And through the frightful gloom
 Brighten thy way;
 How should our souls arise,
 Soar through the flaming skies,
 Join the solemnities
 Of the great day!

- 5 See, see, the incarnate God,
 Swiftly emits abroad
 Glories begun;
 Lo! lo! he comes, he's here,
 Angels and saints appear,
 Fled is my every fear,
 Jesus is mine.

- 6 High on a flaming throne
 Rides the eternal Son,
 Sovereign august!
 Worlds from his presence fly,
 Shrink at his majesty,
 Stars dash along the sky
 Awfully burst.

- 7 Thousand of thousands wait
 Round the judicial seat,
 Glorified there;
 Prostrate the elders fall,

Wing'd is my raptur'd soul,
Nigh to the Judge of all
Lo ! I draw near.

- 8 O my approving God,
Wash'd in thy precious blood,
Bold I advance ;
Fearless we wing along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an extatic song
Through the expanse.

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
2 By his own power all things were made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son :
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.
5 Arch-angels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Emanuel.

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 HAIL, progeny divine !
Hail ! Virgin's wonderous Son !

Who for that humble shrine
 Didst quit the Almighty's throne :
 The infant Lord our voices sing,
 And be the King of grace ador'd.

2 Ye princes, disappear,
 And boast your crowns no more ;
 Lay down your sceptres here,
 And in the dust adore :

Where Jesus dwells, the manger bare
 In lustre far your pomp excels.

3 With Bethl'em's shepherds mild,
 The angels bow their head ;
 And round the sacred child,
 Their guardian wings they spread :
 They know, that where their sovereign lies
 In low disguise, heaven's court is there.

4 Thither, my soul, repair,
 And humble homage pay
 To thy Redeemer fair,
 As on his natal day :

I kiss thy feet, and, Lord, would be
 A child like thee, whom thus I greet.

H Y M N XXXIV.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join the angelic throng ;
 For angels no such love have known,
 T'awake a cheerful song.

2 Good-will to guilty men is shewn,
 And peace on earth is given ;
 For lo ! the incarnate Saviour comes,
 With messages from heaven.

3 Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid ;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.

- 4 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains ?

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 ARISE, and hail the happy day ;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things :
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The sun of righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings,
2 If angels on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs ;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.
3 O then let earth and heaven rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice
To hymn the happy day ;
When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell
Confess'd his sovereign sway.

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
Universal nature, say,
Christ, the Lord, is born to day!

- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
- 4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace !
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more might die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.
- 6 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Raise the woman's promis'd seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 7 Glory to the new-born king,
Let us all the anthem sing ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 THE Eternal speaks ; all heaven attend :
Who will the human race defend,
While justice aims the blow ?
See ! nature trembles at their fates ;
Death with his iron sceptre waits ;
Hell opes her adamantine gates,
And triumphs at their woe.
See nature trembles, &c.
- 2 Which of the bright celestial throng,
With love so warm and heart so strong,
Dares languish on a cross ?
Who can leave liberty for chains,
Abandon extasy for pains ?
What angel-fortitude sustains,

The inestimable loss ?

Who can leave, &c.

- 3 He said : and death-like silence reign'd ;
Deep was their awe ; the radiant band
The mighty task decline.

At length heaven's Prince the silence broke,
And, ardent, thus the Sire bespoke ;
None but thy Son can ward the stroke ;
Then let the task be mine.

At length, &c.

- 4 Mine be the feeble infant state ;
Mine, in return for love, be hate ;
A manger be my throne.
Pain, when thy glory calls, is bliss ;
When man's in danger, torture's peace ;
Shame, praise ; a paradise the abyss :
Then yield thy darling Son.
Pain, when thy glory, &c.

- 5 The almighty radiance smil'd assent,
Loud was the shout that æther rent,
All heaven was in a maze:
Go, my lov'd image, said the Sire,
Be born, in anguish to expire ;
Earth, triumph ; angels, strike the lyre
To everlasting praise.
Go, my lov'd image, &c.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
2 With pitying eye the Prince of life
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and O surprising love !
He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N XXXIX.

- 1 SING, ye ransom'd nations, sing
Praises to our new-born king,
Son of man our maker is,
Lord of hosts and prince of peace.
- 2 Lo! he lays his glory by,
Emptied of his majesty ;
See the God, who all things made,
Humbly in a manger laid.
- 3 Cast we off our needless fear,
Boldly to his church draw near ;
Jesus is our flesh and bone,
God with us is all our own.
- 4 Let us then with angels gaze
On our new-born monarch's face ;
With the choir celestial join'd,
Shout the Saviour of mankind.
- 5 Son of man, will he despise
Man's well-meaning sacrifice ?
No; with condescending grace
He accepts his creature's praise.
- 6 Will his majesty disdain
The poor shepherd's simple strain ?

- No ; for Israel's shepherd he
Loves their artless melody.
- 7 Let us then our Prince proclaim,
Humbly chant Emanuel's name,
Publish at his wonderful birth
Praise in heaven, and peace on earth !
- 8 Triumph in our Saviour's love,
Till he takes us up above,
All his majesty displays,
Shews us all his glorious face.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd !
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord :
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth ;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth ;
Receiving it's Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.
- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit descend ;
And set up in each of thy own
A kingdom that never shall end !
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

- 4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below:
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarm of war
 Shall break our eternal repose:
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

H Y M N XLI.

- 1 REJOICE in Jesu's birth
 To us a Son is given,
 To us a Child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heaven!
 His shoulder props the sky,
 The universe sustains!
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The King Messiah reigns!
- 2 Our Counsellor we praise,
 Our Advocate above,
 Who daily in his church displays
 His miracles of love.
 The Almighty God is he;
 Author of heavenly bliss;
 The Father of eternity,
 The glorious Prince of peace.

H Y M N XLII.

- 1 HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and power,
Thou God of all grace!
With honour and blessing
Before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee Father of all.
- 2 The heavens and earth,
And water and air,
To thee owe their birth,
Subsist by thy care;
Whilst angels are singing
Thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.
- 3 Thou, Saviour, art one
With God the supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with him:
Invested with glory
On high doth thou sit,
While angels adore thee,
And bow at thy feet.
- 4 How great was thy love;
How wonderful thy grace!
Thou cam'st from above
To save a lost race;
And, man to deliver,
Of woman wast born,
That every believer
To God might return.
- 5 How soon will thy seat
Of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet
And welcome thee there.

Thy witnessing Spirit
In us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit
The kingdom of God.

H Y M N XLIII.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is pass'd :
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again :
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn :
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ;
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven :
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground ;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found :
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd, Let it still alone :
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space :
 Thou did'st in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year !
- 5 Then dig about the root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound :
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear !

H Y M N XLV.

- 1 COME let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear :
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream

Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here !
 3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do !
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 Well and faithfully done ;
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly-solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The great-atoning Lamb !
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim !
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 3 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace,
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return to your eternal home..

H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all it's sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Thy mercy crowns it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night ; at home, abroad ;
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By thy incessant bounty fed,
By thy unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian-care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 GOD of my life, my constant care,
With blessings crowns the opening year ;
This guilty life thou dost prolong,
And wake anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run ?
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with death ?
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God ;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign ;
Make them and own them still as thine ;

So shall they smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

H Y M N L.

- 1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that there shall flow
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare;
Meet him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning-stars, again;
God descends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man his life to employ,
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

H Y M N LI.

- 1 HAIL, hail, reviv'd reviving spring!
Fair type of heaven's eternal year!
While nature's works thy praises sing,
Lo, gratitude salutes thee here!

Swell, gently swell the solemn song,
 Now pour the bounding notes along;
 Teach choirs below to choirs above
 To echo back the common lay;
 And, as they praise unbounded love,
 To join in bounty's holiday.

C H O R U S.

*To God, the universal King.
 Be sacred every grateful choir!
 In ceaseless hymns all praises sing,
 That endless bounty can inspire!*

- 2 All lost beneath stern winter's reign,
 Creation's genial powers appear'd;
 Spring call'd them into life again,
 See! budding verdure shews they heard.
 Bless, bless, O man! the kind design,
 Whose nobler counter-part is thine:
 Thy powers a gloomier winter froze,
 Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,
 Prolific of fair truth, arose,
 And shed the blaze of mental day.

CHO. *To God, &c.*

- 3 All spotless as the truth he taught,
 Free as the mercy he display'd,
 He shew'd what human duty ought,
 He did what heavenly goodness bade;
 Enforc'd each just command he gave,
 Nor liv'd, nor dy'd in vain to save.
 His realms on high, his worlds below,
 All witness'd his unwearied care;
 The victim here of general woe,
 The captain of salvation there.

CHO. *To God, &c.*

H Y M N LII.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust :
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

H Y M N LIII.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

H Y M N LIV.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine ;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More God-like and unrivall'd shine :
*Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?*
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is, &c.
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace ;
These glories crown Jehovah's name,
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is, &c.

- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesu's blood.
Who is, &c.

- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic hosts above !
Who is, &c.

H Y M N LV.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace-unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ, the mighty Maker, dy'd,
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N LVI.

- 1 O ! if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my God ;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ,
My heart hath so decreed ;
Nor will I spare those guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

H Y M N LVII.

- 1 ALL glory and praise
To the Antient of days,
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost race.
- 2 Salvation to God,
Who carried our load,
And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.
- 3 And shall he not have
The lives which he gave
Such an infinite ransom forever to save ?
- 4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5 How, when it shall be
 We cannot foresee :
 But, O let us live, let us die unto thee.

H Y M N LVIII.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board ;
 Not paradise with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given ;
 And the rich blood which Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls in glory now
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on their way,
 Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the wide assembling world
 O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Croud to your places at the feast,
 And bless the founder's name.

H Y M N LIX.

- 1 EAT, drink, in memory of your friend,
 An easy task enjoins our Lord,
 Who death and tortures bore, that we
 Might be to endless bliss restor'd.
- 2 Yes ; we'll record thy matchless love,
 Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends ;
 Thy dying love the noblest praise
 Of long eternity transcends.

- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
 Thy beauties through these veils to see;
 Thy table food celestial yields,
 And happy they who feast with thee.

H Y M N LX.

- 1 OTHERS may tell of famous things
 Done by their heroes and their kings;
 The Lord we serve them all exceeds
 For mighty sufferings, mighty deeds.
 2 The torments he hath undergone,
 The glorious triumphs he hath won,
 Armies of wondering angels cause
 To fill the heavens with loud applause.
 3 Deep in our breast let us record
 'The story of our dying Lord;
 As we his kind memorials view,
 Our wonder and our songs renew.
 4 Prevent me, O almighty grace!
 Nor let me e'er so treacherous prove,
 To crucify my Lord afresh,
 And render hate for all his love.

H Y M N LXI.

- 1 And will thy table, Lord, be spread!
 And will thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.
 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Memorial of his flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
 3 Why are such blessings all in vain,
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes !

H Y M N LXII.

- 1 OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb ;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains exalted as his name,
And melting as his dying love !
2 Was ever equal pity found ?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To save us from eternal death.
3 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine ;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N LXIV. 1

- 1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
The bread thy broken body shows,
The wine thy blood shed for each guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died ;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And sling their scandals on thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left the tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

H Y M N LXV.

- 1 ALL praise to the Lord,
All praise is his due ;
To day is his word
Of promise found true ;
We, we are the nations
Presented to God ;
Well-pleasing oblations
Through Jesus's blood.
- 2 Poor Gentiles from far
To Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are
To God through his name ;
To God through the Spirit
Ourselves do we give,
And sav'd by the merit
Of Jesus we live.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 OUR shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bless ;
Who sits on the throne
The Prince of our peace ;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood ;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord, and our God !
- 2 We daily will sing
Thy merits and praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace :
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell,
And say our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.
- 3 Preserve us in love
While here we abide,
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful vision
Completed in thee !

H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then shall this be all my plea ;
Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?

- Fully through thee absolv'd I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
 Sinners of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years !
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The grace of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
 Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face ;
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
 Banish all your guilty fears ;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin ;
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome all to Jesus Christ ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither then your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string ;

Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.]

H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind,
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven !
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have :
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love !
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory ;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

H Y M N LXX.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of my Lord,
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning Son :

- Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now the stony to remove,
To apply and witness with his blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host;
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead's alive! the lost is found!

H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 O THOU God of my salvation!
My redeemer from all sin;
Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
Thou hast died my heart to win:
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen I love the Saviour,
He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pardoning favour,
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 4 While the angel-choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them would still be vying;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh how precious
Is the sound of Jesu's name.
- 5 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose,
Angel-minds are lost to ponder

Dying loves mysterious cause ;

Yet the blessing

Down to all, to me it flows.

- 5 This has set my heart on fire,
Strongly glows the flame of love ;
Higher mounts my soul and higher,
Struggles for it's swift remove ;

Then I'll praise thee

In a nobler strain above.

- 6 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wondering at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song :

Hallelujah !

Love and praise to Christ belong.

H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each another's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 O what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace ;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him ?
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name ;
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim ;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy
blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and power ;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own ;
Thy mercy to me shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

- 4 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom, and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesu Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 REJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesu's power, in Jesu's love
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been ;
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin ;
The power of thy Spirit can set our hearts free ;
And we shall inherit all fulness in thee.
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never can cloy ;
To us it is given in Jesu to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join where sinners invite,
Or envy the swine their brutish delight ;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.
- 5 O may they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste for which they were born !
Our Jesu receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 ALL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord !
His ransoming grace we gladly record ;
His bloody oblation, his death on the tree,
Has purchas'd salvation in heaven for me.
- 2 The Saviour hath died for me and for you ;
The blood is applied, the record is true ;
The Spirit bears witness, and speaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitness for living with God.

H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 LORD of life, thy followers see,
Hungering, thirsting after thee,
At thy sacred table feed,
Nourish us with living bread.
- 2 Cheer us with immortal wine,
Heavenly sustenance divine,
Grant us now a fresh supply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnish'd with mystic wine,
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life which thou hast given,
And feed, and train us up for heaven.
- 2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fulness prove,
And strengthen'd by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 AND shall I let him go ?
If now I do not feel
The streams of living water flow,
Shall I forsake the well ?
- 2 Because he hides his face,
Shall I no longer stay,
But leave the channels of his grace,
And cast the means away ?
- 3 He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine,
No other motive, Lord, I need,
No other word than thine.
- 4 I cheerfully comply
With what my Lord doth say ;
Let others ask a reason why,
My glory is to obey.
- 5 Because he saith, Do this,
This I will always do,
Till Jesus come in glorious bliss,
I thus his death will shew.

H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

- 4 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him, that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXXI.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Blessing, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever :
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer :
Hallelujah ; hallelujah ; hallelujah ;
Praise the Lord.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !
Blessing, honour, praise and power, &c.
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
To thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Blessing, honour, praise and power, &c.

H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood !
And to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 Oh ! for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above ;
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love ?

- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quickening grace,
And bring us yet more near :
Here may we see thy glories shine,
And taste thy mercies here !
- 4 Oh ! may that love, which spreads the board,
Dispose us for the feast ;
May faith behold a smiling God,
Through Jesu's bleeding breast.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

- 1 Rise, glorious Sun of righteousness,
With healing in thy wings :
My soul with light celestial bliss,
And holy comfort bring !
- 2 Blessing, and honour, glory, power,
To him that reigns above ;
And to the Lamb for evermore,
Be glory, praise, and love.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now, to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts, or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son !

H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 THOU God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive,

- Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength ; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
God's free bounty glorify !
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, without money, &c.
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your want of him :
This he gives you, this he gives you, &c.
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
If you tarry till your're better
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, &c.
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 4 View him groveling in the garden ;
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies ;

- On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd; it is finish'd; &c.
Sinner, will not this suffice?
5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, &c.
Can do helpless sinners good.
6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How glorious is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
2 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying man;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
3 To him who wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, glory, honour, power,
Eternal as his days.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 HAIL, everlasting spring!
Celestial fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail:

Still they endure,
And still they flow
For all our woe
A sovereign cure.

- 2 Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died
Such favours to impart.
His sacred blood
Shall make us clean
From every sin,
And fit for God.

- 3 To that dear source of love
Our souls this day would come;
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That *Jew and Greek*,
With rapturous songs
On all their tongues,
Thy praise may speak.

H Y M N "LXXXIX.

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|-------------|
| 1 | CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day; | Hallelujah. |
| | Sons of men and angels say, | Hal. |
| | Who so lately on the cross | Hal. |
| | Suffer'd to redeem our loss. | Hal. |
| 2 | Hymns of praises let us sing | Hallelujah. |
| | Unto Christ our heavenly King, | Hal. |
| | Who endur'd the cross and grave | Hal. |
| | Sinners to redeem and save. | Hal. |
| 3 | But the pains which he endur'd | Hallelujah. |
| | Our salvation have procur'd; | Hal. |
| | Now he reigns above the sky, | Hal. |
| | Where the angels ever cry, | Hallelujah. |

H Y M N XC.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head :
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fell to the ground, and sunk away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet ;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of joy to Jesu's tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear ;
Hark ! as they soar on high
What music fills the air ?
Their anthems say, Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead ;—he rose to-day.
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell :
Transported cry, Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead, no more to die.
- 5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'ft us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies.

H Y M N XCL.

- 1 THE Lord is risen ! he who came
To suffer death, and conquer too,
Is risen ; let our songs proclaim
The praise to man's Redeemer due :

To him whom God in tender love,
Always alike to bless inclin'd,
Sent to redeem us from above;
To save, to sanctify mankind.

C H O R U S.

*WORTHY of all power and praise,
HE who dy'd, and rose again:
Lamb of GOD, and slain to raise
MAN, to life redeem'd—AMEN.*

- 2 That life which Adam ceas'd to live,
When to this world he turn'd his heart,
And to his children could not give,
The second Adam can impart.
We, on our earthly parent's side,
Could but receive a life of earth;
The Lord from heaven, he liv'd, and dy'd,
And rose to give us heavenly birth.

CHO. Worthy, &c.

- 3 This mortal life, this living death,
Shews that in Adam we all die;
In Christ we have immortal breath,
And life's unperishing supply:
He took our nature, and sustain'd
The miseries of it's sinful state;
Sinless himself, for us regain'd
To paradise, an open gate.

CHO. Worthy, &c.

- 4 As Adam rais'd a life of sin,
So Christ, the serpent-bruising seed,
By God's appointment could begin
The birth in us, of life indeed:
He did begin; parental head!
As Adam fell, so Jesus stood;

Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said,
 'Tis finish'd!—on the sacred wood.
CHO. Worthy, &c.

- 5 Finish'd his work, to quench the wrath,
 That sin had brought on Adam's race;
 To pave the sole, and certain path
 From nature's life, to that of grace :
 For joy of this, God's only Son
 Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
 And gave the victory, so won,
 For imitating love to claim.
CHO. Worthy, &c.

- 6 To tread the path that Jesus trod,
 Aided by him, be our employ ;
 To die to sin, and live to God,
 And yield him the fair purchas'd joy :
 To all the laws that love has made
 Stedfast, unshaken to attend ;
 He dy'd, he rose, himself our aid,
 Lo! I am with you to the end.
CHO. Worthy, &c.

H Y M N XCII.

- 1 HE dies ! the heavenly lover dies !
 The tidings strike a doleful sound
 On my poor heart-strings : deep he lies
 In the cold caverns of the ground.
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 On the dear bosom of your God ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man !
 But lo, what sudden joys I see !
 Jesus the dead revives again.

- The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.
 Say, Live forever, wonderful King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask the monster, where's his sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

H Y M N XCIII.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
 See, he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
 Hallelujah.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound,
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
 Hallelujah.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph up the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
 Hallelujah.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
 Glorious hero, through them ride ;
 King of glory, mount thy throne,
 Thy great Father's and thy own.
 Hallelujah.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;

Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Hallelujah.

- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell !
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay :
Enter'd the iron gates of earth,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See, how the conqueror mounts on high,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes !
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And sends his blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode :
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise :
Let heaven, and all created things
Sound our Emanuel's praise.

H Y M N XCV.

- 1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns !
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.
- 3 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice : again I say, Rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus, the judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 SHALL loyal nations hail the day,
 That crowns their king with loud acclaim ?
 And shall not saints their homage pay
 To their beloved Saviour's name ?
 Ye saints, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
- 2 Jesus who vanquish'd all our foes,
 Who came to save, who reigns to bless,

From him your every comfort flows,
 Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
 3 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
 Of universal endless praise ;
 With every power to be ador'd,
 That men or angels e'er can raise.
 Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

H Y M N XC VII.

1 AWAKE and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.
 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
 Sing on rejoicing every day
 In Christ, the eternal King.
 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
 Ye blessed children, come ;
 Soon will he call you hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.

H Y M N XCVIII.

1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates,
 To admit your King again !

Return'd from earth he waits
 With half his angel-train :
 Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
 Receive the King of glory in.
 2 Instinct with living powers
 The huge portcullis raise,
 Ye everlasting doors,
 Disclose the holiest place : -
 Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
 Receive the King of glory in.
 3 He comes, he comes from far,
 The strong and mighty Lord,
 Mighty and strong in war,
 To claim his just reward :
 Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
 Receive the King of glory in.
 4 Forerunner of mankind
 For us he reigns on high,
 Till all his members join'd
 Repeat the joyful cry,
 Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
 Receive the sons of glory in.

H Y M N XCIX.

1 GOD is gone up on high
 With a triumphant noise,
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim the angelic joys !
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
 2 God in the flesh below ;
 For us he reigns above ;
 Let all the nations know
 Our Jesu's conquering love !
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
 3 All power to our great Lord
 Is by his Father given,

By angel-hosts ador'd,
 He reigns supreme in heaven :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

H Y M N C.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord enthron'd on high,
 Praise him in his sanctity,
 Praise him for his mighty deeds,
 Praise him who in power exceeds.
- 2 Praise with trumpets pierce the skies,
 Praise with harps and psalteries,
 Praise with timbrels, organs, flutes,
 Praise with violins and lutes.
- 3 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the sky,
 Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the tramp of God.
- 4 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
 Praise him with the hosts divine ;
 Emmulate the heavenly powers,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

H Y M N C I.

- 1 COME and let us sweetly join
 Christ to praise in hymns divine !
 Give we all with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord !
 Strive we, in affection strive,
 Let the purer flame revive,
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
 Dying champions for their God.
- 2 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
 Now as yesterday the same ;
 One in every age and place
 Full for all of truth and grace :

Christ is now gone up on high,
 Thither may our wishes fly,
 Sits at God's right hand above,
 There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N CII.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the etherial scene ;
 He claims these mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of glory in.
 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 3 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !
 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
 The Lord, of glorious power possesst,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, forever blest.

H Y M N CIII.

- 1 REJOICE, rejoice, ye fallen race,
 The day of pentecost is come,
 Expect the sure descending grace,
 Open your hearts to make him room.

- 2 Our Jesus is gone up on high
For us the blessing to receive ;
It now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes, and sinners live.
- 3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord ;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this place.
- 4 Behold to thee our souls aspire,
And long thy blest descent to feel ;
Kindle in each thy living fire,
And stamp on every heart thy seal.
- 5 Wisdom and strength to thee belong,
Sweetly within our bosoms move,
Now let us speak with other tongue
The new strange language of thy love.

H Y M N C I V.

- 1 Come now, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place !
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace ;
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.
- 2 He visits now the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint ;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint ;
Repeat the melancholy moan—
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone !
- 3 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure inseparable guide :
O might we meet and never part !
O might he in our hearts abide !
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest, and reign forever there !

H Y M N CV.

- 1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove:
Thou hast in honour of thy Son
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.
- 2 Thou hast the prophecy fulfill'd,
The grand original compact seal'd,
For which thy word and oath were join'd;
The promise to our fallen head,
To every child of Adam made,
Is now pour'd out on all mankind.
- 3 The purchas'd Comforter is given,
For Jesus is return'd to heaven
To claim, and then the grace impart:
Our day of pentecost is come,
And God vouchsafes to fix his home
In every poor expecting heart.
- 4 Father, on thee in faith we call,
And own thy promise is for all;
While every one that asks receives,
Receives the gift and giver too,
And witnesses that thou art true,
And in thy Spirit walks and lives.

H Y M N CVI.

- 1 YE saints, lift up your hearts
The promise to receive!
Jesus himself imparts,
He comes in man to live;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit to reside
In all his members here;

- The Holy Ghost to man is given;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 3 To make an end of sin,
 And satan's works destroy,
 He brings his kingdom in,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy:
 The Holy Ghost to man is given;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 4 Sent down to make us meet
 To see his glorious face,
 And grant us each a seat
 In that thrice happy place:
 The Holy Ghost to man is given:
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 5 From heaven he shall once more
 Triumphantly descend,
 And all his saints restore
 To joys that never end;
 Then, then, when all our joys are given,
 Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

H Y M N CVII.

- 1 O GOD, our Father, and our King,
 Of all we have or hope the spring;
 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 And warm our hearts with holy love.
- 2 May we from every act abstain,
 That hurts, or gives our neighbour pain;
 And every secret wish suppress,
 That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 Still may we feel our hearts inclin'd,
 To act the friend to all mankind,
 Still seek their safety, health and ease,
 Virtue, eternal life and peace.
- 4 With pity let our breast o'erflow,
 When we behold a wretch in woe;
 And bear a sympathizing part
 With all who are of heavy heart.

- 5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, tho' faint of thine :
Thus may we Christ's disciples prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.

H Y M N CVIII.

- 1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to thee !
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.
- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state,
E'er time it's round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man :
- 3 To whom Isaiah's vision shew'd
The seraph's veil their wings,
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
The angelic army sings :
- 4 To thee by mystic powers on high
Were humble praises given,
When John beheld with favour'd eye
The inhabitants of heaven.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns
To thee in hymns aspire ;
May we as angels on our thrones
Forever join the choir !
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

H Y M N CIX.

- 1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love ;
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.

He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe.

And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give ;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live.

His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One ;
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails
And love adores.

H Y M N CX.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Antient of days !

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall !
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd ;
Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend !
Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend !
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour !
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !
- 5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore !
His sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

H Y M N CXI.

- 1 HAIL, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend ;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend :
In light unsearchable enthron'd,
Which angels dimly see,
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three.

- 2 From thee through an eternal now,
 The Son, thine offspring flow'd :
 And everlasting Father thou,
 As everlasting God.
 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
 Nor quite on earth conceal'd :
 By wonderous inexhausted love
 To mortal man reveal'd.
- 3 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
 When nature shall expire,
 And worlds created by thy nod
 Shall perish by thy fire :
 Thy name Jehovah be ador'd
 By creatures without end,
 Whom none but thy essential Word
 And Spirit comprehend.

H Y M N CXII.

- 1 LET heaven and earth agree
 The Father's praise to sing,
 Who draws us to the Son, that he
 May us to glory bring.
- 2 Honour, and endless love,
 Let God the Son receive,
 Who saves us here, and prays above,
 That we with him may live.
- 3 Be everlasting praise
 To God the Spirit given,
 Who now attests us sons of grace,
 And seals us heirs of heaven.
- 4 Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,
 We'll sing the One in Three,
 With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CXIII.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore;
 Join with the celestial host,
 Who praise thee evermore:
 Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three!
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord;
 All glory be to thee!

H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 FATHER, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die!
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify!
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth be turn'd to heaven!

H Y M N CXV.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
 Live this day as if it were thy last;
 To improve thy talents take due care,
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear,
 Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

H Y M N CXVII.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

H Y M N CXVIII.

- 1 HOSANNAH, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand shores attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power,
Which rais'd us with a word;
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake and we admire the bed,
Which was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure,
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To make our lives his prey.
- 5 God is our sun whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frames lie safe at night,
Beneath his guardian wings.

H Y M N CXIX.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ; awake, mine eyes ;
Awake, my drowsy faculties ;
Awake and see the new-born light,
Sprung from the darksome womb of night.
- 2 Arise, my soul ; and thou, my voice,
In songs of praise early rejoice :
O great Creator, heavenly King,
Thy praise forever let me sing !
- 3 Thy power has made, thy goodness kept
This senseless body while I slept,
Yet one day more do thou guard me
From all the powers of darkness free.
- 4 O keep my soul from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure ;
That when the last of days shall come,
I cheerfully may wait my doom.

H Y M N CXX.

- 1 MY soul shall as the incense rise
In songs of grateful praise ;
And, as an early sacrifice,
My willing hands I'll raise.
- 2 Father of life ! whose bounties flow,
Far as the worlds they bless ;
Those various gifts diffus'd below,
Thy sovereign power confess.

H Y M N CXXI.

- 1 HAIL, sacred light : thy quickening glance
Awakes to life and points to God,
Who makes thy purest beams his robe,
Thy perfect splendor his abode.
- 2 His mighty hand impels the sun,
Unactive else that orb would lie ;

- Nor to expecting worlds dispense
His vital fires ; but all must die.
- 3 Thy bounty, Lord, the vast expense
Of daily light and heat defrays,
And worlds and creatures thou preserv'st,
Fit to receive and feel thy grace !
- 4 My soul its willing homage pays,
And lengthen'd life ascribes to thee,
Pleas'd to depend on that great source
Of love, from whence I sprang to be.

H Y M N CXXII.

- 1 THOU guard'st, O God, my slumbers free
From frightful dreams, and real harms ;
I wake to plenty, peace, and friends,
For still I wake within thy arms.
- 2 Thou wind'st the springs of life anew,
And bid'st new tides of spirits rise,
They bear the mind with prosperous course
To truth, to virtue, and the skies.
- 3 I mourn my waste of former days,
To thee devote my future time ;
Bright with thy favour let it roll,
Rich in good fruits, and free from crime.
- 4 Then cheerful I'd receive my doom,
Though long were my appointed race,
Or joy to change this distant dawn,
For the full glories of thy face.

H Y M N CXXIII.

- 1 THY daily mercies, O my God,
My waking thoughts employ,
And while I meditate on thee,
My heart is fill'd with joy.
- 2 Thou givest me rest upon my bed,
Soft slumbers to my eyes ;

- Thy goodness is again renew'd
When in the morn I rise.
- 3 Throughout the business of the day
Thine arm does me uphold,
Amidst the terrors of the night
Thy presence makes me bold.
- 4 Whether in sickness or in health,
Thy grace does me sustain :
Let me, O Lord, thy favour have,
And I shall ne'er complain.

H Y M N CXXIV.

- 1 RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker ;
Angels praise join thy lays,
With them be partaker.
- 2 Sovereign Lord of every Spirit,
In thy light lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.
- 3 Thou this night wast my protector,
With me stay all this day,
Ever my director.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 5 Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd forever.
- 6 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in Three, we give thee,
Never, never ceasing.

H Y M N CXXV.

- 1 O GOD, how endless is thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.
- 3 We yield our powers to thy command,
To thee we consecrate our days ;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N CXXVI.

- 1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;
While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 MY God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet repose :
My God did watch, even whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.
- 2 Sweet sleep restores that strength to me,
Which labour did devour ;
My body did in weakness rest,
But it is rais'd in power.
- 3 Lord, for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I pay ;
And unto thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.

- 5 Let this day praise thee, O my God,
 And so let all my days;
 And, O let mine eternal day
 Be thine eternal praise.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

- 1 WHEN morning comes the birds arise,
 And tune their voices towards the skies;
 With warbling notes and hallow'd lays,
 They shew their great Creator's praise.
 2 Shall I then from my chamber go,
 Or any work presume to do,
 Before I've sought the God of heaven,
 And my just morning tribute given?
 3 Let every bird's harmonious song
 Reproach me as I walk along
 Thoughtless of him, whose guardian power
 Upholds and saves me every hour.
 4 Come then, my soul, awake and pray,
 And praise thy Maker, day by day;
 Bless him for raiment, health, and food,
 And for each peaceful night's abode.

H Y M N CXXIX.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
 2 The King himself comes near
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may meet, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
 3 One day amidst the place,
 Where our dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And praise and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

H Y M N CXXX,

- 1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day,
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays
Harmonious songs of seraphs grace.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
Her dark domains confin'd.
The angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
While earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

H Y M N CXXXI.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers :
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours !
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly !
Where God resides appear no more,
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.

O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine !

H Y M N CXXXII.

- 1 THE word of life dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast ;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest !
Bid, Lord, the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed !
- 2 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
O may thy word with life divine
Engage the ear and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine :
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace, which calls us to thy throne.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Soon shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below :
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thine house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigues, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And wait for death, to rest with God.

H Y M N CXXXV.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

- 1 THE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 COME, let us join with one accord,
In hymns about the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day, which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven ;
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

- 1 GIRD on, O God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth and love,
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 2 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart ;
Then willing souls shall round thee bow,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

H Y M N CXL.

- 1 THE Saviour meets his flock to-day
Shall I in sloth abide at home ?

- Shall I behind his people stay,
 When Jesus calls, There still is room?
 I'll go : it is the house of prayer:
 Who knows but God may meet me there!
- 2 To-day Emanuel feeds his saints;
 And there the Christians find their King:
 There they lay open their complaints;
 And there the holy armies sing:
 Into their number I'll presume;
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come.
- 3 How long did faithful Anna wait?
 She sought the Lord for fourscore years;
 Both day and night the temple-gate
 She watch'd, with many groans and tears;
 Nor would she leave the house of prayer,
 Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.
- 4 Dear Saviour, than impart the power,
 And like that saint I'll seek for thee;
 Content I'll wait the appointed hour,
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me.
 Daily my soul within thy gate
 Shall for thy gracious coming wait.

H Y M N C H A P.

- 1 WHAT joy, while thus I view the day,
 That warns my thirsting soul away,
 What transports fill my breast!
 For, lo, my great Redeemer's power
 Unfolds the everlasting door,
 And leads me to his rest.
- 2 The festal morn; my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore;
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the ethereal floor.
- 3 Even now to my expecting eyes
 The heaven-built towers of Salem rise,

- Even now, with glad survey,
 I view her mansions, that contain
 The angelic forms, an awful train,
 And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
 Lo, the redeem'd of God ascend,
 Their tribute hither bring :
 Here crown'd with everlasting joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail the immortal King.
- 5 Great Salem's King ; who bids each state
 On her decrees dependent wait ;
 In her, e'er time began,
 High on eternal base uprear'd,
 His hands the regal seat prepar'd,
 For Jesse's favour'd Son.
- 6 Mother of cities ! o'er thy head
 See peace, with healing wings outspread,
 Delighted fix her stay.
 How blest, who calls himself thy friend !
 Success his labours shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.
- 7 Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore ;
 There smiling plenty takes her stand,
 And in thy courts with lavish hand,
 Has pour'd forth all her store.
- 8 Let me, blest seat, my name behold
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,
 In thee for ever dwell,
 Let charity my step attend,
 My sole companion and my friend,
 And faith and hope farewell !

H Y M N CXLII

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;

- Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CXLIII.

- 1 SOFT season of repose,
Thy sable curtains spread ;
Come, downy sleep, and stretch thy wings
Around my weary head.
2 But, Oh ! the lawless range,
With which my thoughts have stray'd
Through mazy paths of sense and sin,
From morn to evening shade !
3 Ah ! born to nobler ends,
My soul, no more pursue
These fleeting vanities of life,
But bid the world adieu.
4 Thy pity, gracious God,
Thy pardon I implore,

Oh ! heal the follies of my mind
And aid me with thy power.

H Y M N CXLIV.

- 1 BE thou, O God, my guard,
While slumbering on my bed ;
And with thy sacred teachings fill
The visions of my head.
- 2 When morning's gladsome rays
Salute my waking eyes,
All vigorous may my soul to thee,
In grateful songs arise.
- 3 Devoted to thy fear,
Thy service, and thy praise,
My God, I would be wholly thine,
The remnant of my days.

H Y M N CXLV.

- 1 SLEEP, downy sleep, come close mine eyes,
Tir'd with beholding vanities :
Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
The toils and follies of the day.
- 2 On thy soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die :
O Israel's watchful shepherd, spread
Thine angel-tents around my bed.
- 2 Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion :
O ! dart from thence one cheering ray,
And turn my midnight into day.
- 4 Thus when the morn, in crimson dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
My grateful songs of praise shall rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies,

H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 **THUS** far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace be the pillow of my head ;
His ever-watchful eye shall keep
His constant guard around my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **MY** God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Blest angels ! while we silent lie,
Your hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the Ever-bless'd
Before the throne, and never rest.
- 3 I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine ;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 Lord, in thy arms I will entrust
My soul when I shake off this dust :

- O make me thy peculiar care ;
 Some mansion for my soul prepare.
 5 Give me a place at thy saints feet,
 Or some fallen angel's vacant seat ;
 I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
 Who sit above in brighter day.
 6 O may I always ready stand
 With my lamp burning in my hand :
 May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
 Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice.
 7 All praise to thee, in light array'd,
 Who light thy dwelling-place hast made :
 A boundless ocean of bright beams
 From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
 8 The sun, in its meridian height,
 Is very darkness in thy sight ;
 My soul O lighten and enflame
 With fear and love of thy great name.
 9 Blest Jesus, thou on heaven intent,
 Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
 But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,
 And all my zeal is soon expir'd.
 10 My soul, how canst thou weary grow
 Of antedating bliss below
 In sacred hymns and heavenly love,
 Which will eternal be above ?
 11 Shine on me, Lord ; new life impart ;
 Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
 One ray of thy all-quicken'g light
 Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
 12 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
 Watch over thine own sacrifice ;
 All loose, all idle thoughts, cast out,
 And make my very dreams devout.
 13 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

- 1 **ERE** I sleep for every favour
This day shew'd me by my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord ! what shall I render
To thy name, still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender.
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with thy salvation ;
Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.
- 5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep while I sleep
Me, with all thy power.
- 6 And, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

H Y M N CXLIX.

- 1 **LORD**, in the solemn shades of night
When I behold the skies,
In contemplation of thy works,
My thoughts to heaven arise.
If I survey the silver moon
Array'd in robes of light,
Who form'd her lucent orb, I cry,
Must be supremely bright.
- 2 But when I view ten thousand stars
Shining with rival rays,
My soaring soul the sky transcends,
And thinks the seas thy base ;
Transported with extatic love,
Ingulph'd in bliss I stand,
Gaze on thy dazzling beams, and taste
The joys at thy right hand.

- 3 Celestial pleasures through my veins
In floods of transport roll,
And thy amazing goodness, Lord,
With rapture melts my soul.
O Lord our God, how wonderful great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

H Y M N CL.

- 1 NOW from the altar of my heart,
Let warmest praise arise ;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
2 This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide ;
His care was on my weakness shewn,
His mercies multiply'd.
3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
4 I yield this evening sacrifice,
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
5 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I give mine eyes to sleep :
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

H Y M N CLI.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipt by the winds unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin-rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day;
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet, these new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
 If heaven canst recompense our pains;
 Perish the grass and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

H Y M N CLII.

- 1 WIDE o'er all worlds the Saviour reigns;
 Unmov'd his power and love remains;
 And on his arm his church shall rest:
 Fair Zion, joyful in her King,
 Through every changing age shall sing,
 With his perpetual presence blest.
- 2 Tyrannic death, in vain thy rage,
 Thy triumphs new in every age,
 O'er the first heroes of his host;
 Conscious of more than mortal aid,
 Our bleeding hearts are not dismay'd,
 But an immortal leader boast.
- 3 Though buried deep in dust they lie,
 Whole tuneful voices rais'd on high

Led the sweet anthems to his name ;
 The children learn the father's song,
 And unform'd tongues shall still prolong
 The ever-present Saviour's fame ;
 4 The present Saviour, he shall give
 Millions of future saints to live,
 And croud the temples of his grace ;
 The present Saviour, lo, he comes
 To call whole legions from their tombs,
 And teach their dust sublimer praise.

H Y M N CLIII.

1 AND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ?
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought,
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot ?
 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me ?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be :
 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming fires !
 3 How shall I leave my tomb ?
 With triumph, or regret ?
 A fearful, or a joyful doom ?
 A curse, or blessing meet ?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar ?
 Or devils drag my soul away
 To meet its sentence there ?
 4 Who can resolve the doubt,
 That tears my anxious breast ?

- Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest?
 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else depart to hell.
 5 O thou, that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die;
 Who didst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery!
 Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe;
 That when thou comest on the throne,
 I may with joy appear!
 6 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will;
 So shall I love my God,
 Because he first lov'd me,
 And praise thee in thy bright abode
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CLIV.

- 1 AND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity?
 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay;
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day!
 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,

If life so soon is gone:
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The inexorable throne!

- 4 No matter, which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery or joy;

But, Oh! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destin'd place?
 Shall I my everlasting days

With fiends or angels spend?

- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death,
 That never, never dies!

How make mine own election sure,

And, when I fall on earth, secure

A mansion in the skies!

- 6 Jesu, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness!

Ah, write the pardon on my heart!

And, whensoever I hence depart,

Let me depart in peace!

H Y M N CLV.

- 1 REJOICE for a brother decess'd,

Our loss is his infinite gain;

A soul out of prison releas'd,

And freed from his bodily chain;

With songs let us follow his flight,

And mount with his spirit above;

Escap'd to the mansions of light,

And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,

Out-flying the tempest and wind;

His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,

And left his companions behind:

- Still tofs'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the best there;
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath:
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death;
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age, that in heaven they spend,
 Forever and ever shall last.

H Y M N CLVI.

- 1 HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
 Another has enter'd his rest;
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Emanuel's breast:
 The soul of our sister is gone
 To heighten the triumph above;
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays;
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace!
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessing ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name;
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly;
 Who first shall be summon'd away—
 My merciful God—is it I?

- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart;
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me remove;
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

H Y M N CLVH.

- 1 **THEE** we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy and endless woe
Attend on every breath:
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;

And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

H Y M N CLVIII.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
That keep us from our love?
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume!
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 'TIS finish'd ! 'tis done !
The spirit is fled,
The prisoner is gone,
The Christian is dead !
The Christian is living
Through Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise,
Are Jesus's due;

- Supported by grace
 He fought his way through;
 Triumphantly glorious
 Through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious
 O'er sin, death, and hell.
- 3 Then let us record
 The conquering name,
 Our captain and Lord
 With shoutings proclaim :
 Who trust in his passion
 And follow our Head,
 To certain salvation
 We all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on
 Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown
 Of righteousness there ;
 Where dazzled with glory
 The Seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee
 In silence of praise.
- 5 Come, Lord, and display
 Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away
 To mansions on high:
 The kingdom be given,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N CLX.

- 1 MY life's a shade, my days
 Apace to death decline :
 My Lord is life, he'll raise
 My dust again, ev'n mine.

Sweet truth to me ;
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.

Sweet truth, &c.

- 3 My Lord, his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound ;
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.

Sweet truth, &c.

- 4 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me ! I'm loth to die :
Lord, silence thou those fears,
My life's with thee on high.

Sweet truth, &c.

- 5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death ?
My life and I sha'n't part,
Though I resign my breath.

Sweet truth, &c.

- 6 Then welcome, harmless grave ;
By thee to heaven I'll go ;
My Lord, his death shall save
Me from the flames below.

Sweet truth, &c.

H Y M N CLXI.

- 1 Come let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize,

And on the eagle wings of love
 To joy celestial rise.
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone,
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven are one.
 2 One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow :
 Part of his host hath cross'd the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

H Y M N CLXII.

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry :
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade ?
 What though the prophet and the priest
 Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
 And mute the instructive tongue ?
- 4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart ;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.

H Y M N CLXIII.

- 1 OF my dear flock one more is gone
 To appear before the eternal throne,

- And pass the grand decisive test :
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 Surviving friends with tears intrust
 There till the general doom to rest.
- 2 The soul, dismiss'd from cumberous clay,
 Expatriates in eternal day,
 And with the great Jehovah dwells :
 The dawn of immortality,
 With scenes unknown, fills all the eye,
 And wonders vast and new reveals.
- 3 Thus, while I'm dreaming life away,
 Or books and studies charm the day,
 My flock is dying one by one ;
 Convey'd beyond my warning voice,
 To endless pains, or endless joys,
 Forever happy or undone.
- 4 I too ere long must yield my breath :
 My mouth, forever clos'd in death,
 Shall sound the gospel-trump no more :
 Then, while my charge is in my reach,
 With fervour let me pray and preach,
 And eager catch the flying hour !
- 5 Almighty God, my soul inspire,
 And touch my lips with heavenly fire !
 Let faith and love, and zeal arise !
 O teach me that divinest art,
 To reach the conscience, gain the heart,
 And train immortals for the skies !

H Y M N CLXIV.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah ;
 Pilgrim through this barren land,
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the chrysal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow :

Let the cloudy fiery pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side,
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

H Y M N CLXV.

1 SOLDIER of Christ, adieu !
 Thy conflicts here are past ;
 Thy Lord hath brought thee through,
 And given the crown at last.
 Rejoice to wear the glorious prize,
 Rejoice with God in paradise.
 2 There all thy sufferings cease,
 There all thy griefs are o'er ;
 The prisoner is at peace,
 The mourner weeps no more ;
 From man's oppressive tyranny
 Thou liv'st, thou liv'st forever free.
 3 Thou out of great distress
 To thy reward art past ;
 Triumphant happiness,
 And joys that always last :
 Thanks be to God who set thee free,
 And gave thee final victory.

H Y M N CLXVI.

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
 I too shall gather up my feet,
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die, my father's God to meet.

- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see ;
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me.
- 3 Oh that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive !
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

H Y M N CLXVII.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear ?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear ?
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd
To make her pardon sure.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly.
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

H Y M N CLXIX.

- 1 'MY God, with grateful heart I'll raise
A daily altar to thy praise;
Thy friendly hand my course directs,
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.
- 2 When dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly;
The same almighty arm can aid,
Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 3 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.
- 4 All medicines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health when heaven ordains.

- 5 Clay and Siloam's pool we find,
At heaven's command restor'd the blind ;
Hence Jordan's waters once were seen,
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 6 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know, and do thy will ;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
- 7 Can such a wretch for pardon sue !
My crimes, my crimes, arise to view !
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 8 But, oh ! regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes ;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my father, and my friend.
- 9 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed ;
His blood procures for Adam's race,
Admittance to the throne of grace.
- 10 When vice hath shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart ;
His blood is all sufficient found,
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.
- 11 What arrows pierce so deep as sin ?
What venom gives such pain within ?
Thou great Physician of the soul !
Rebuke my pangs and make me whole.
- 12 Oh ! if I trust thy sovereign skill,
With due submission to thy will,
Sickness, and death, shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

H Y M N CLXX.

- 1 LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love :
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;
 'Tis all the happiness they know,
 'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,
 And leave the rest among their heirs.
 3 What sinners value I resign :
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand compleat in righteousness.
 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

H Y M N CLXXI.

- 1 WHEN Abraham with sacred awe
 Before Jehovah stood ;
 And with an humble, fervent prayer
 For guilty Sodom su'd :
 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
 Was his petition crown'd ?
 The Lord would spare, if in the place
 Ten righteous men were found.
 3 And could a single holy soul
 So rich a boon obtain ?
 Good God ! and shall a nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain ?
 4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
 Her numerous saints may boast ;

- See their united prayers ascend !
 And can those prayers be lost ?
 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
 Now, as in ancient times ?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
 Gomorrah in its crimes ?
 6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
 Here yet is thine abode ;
 Long has thy presence bless'd our land ;
 Forake us not, O God !
 7 Great God ! let not thine anger burn,
 If we thy supplicants how,
 And say, till thou vouchsafe thy grace,
 We will not let thee go.
 8 O may the people, priests, and prince,
 Thy choicest blessings share,
 And know thee by that precious name,
 The God that heareth prayer.

H Y M N C L X H.

- 1 NOW may the God of power and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry !
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliverance from on high.
 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
 Better than shields or brass walls,
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best desires ;
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.
 4 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God,
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts ;

Our surest expectations are
From thee the Lord of heavenly hosts.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

- 1 LORD God of hosts, attend our prayer,
And make the British isles thy care;
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When angry nations round us rise.
- 2 Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the dust defile our crown,
Deluge our houses with our blood,
And burn the temples of our God.
- 3 But midst the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage;
O raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliverance nigh.
- 4 May Britain as one man be led
To make the Lord her fear and dread;
Our souls no other fear shall know,
Though earth were leagu'd with hell below.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

- 1 GIVE ear, ye countries from afar,
Ye proud associate nations, hear;
While fixt on him who rules the sky,
Our hearts your threatened wrath defy.
- 2 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd force unite again;
Again shall all that force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the stroke.
- 3 Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years;
And destines for approaching days
Victorious shouts and songs of praise.
- 4 Emanuel's land shall safe remain,
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign.

Till every hostile rumour cease
In the sweet realms of perfect peace.

H Y M N CLXXV.

- 1 O! Where is sovereign mercy gone?
Whither is Britain's God withdrawn?
That through long years she should complain?
She fasts, and mourns, and cries in vain.
- 2 Hast thou not seen her suppliant hands
Through all her coasts extend their hands?
Or has their oft-repeated prayer
Escap'd thy ever-listening ear?
- 3 Thine ear hath heard, thine eye hath seen;
But guilt hath spread a cloud between;
And, rising still before thy face,
Averts thy long-continued grace.
- 4 Dispel that cloud by rays divine,
And cause thy cheering face to shine;
Our isle shall shout from shore to shore,
And dread encroaching foes no more.
- 5 Our light shall like the morning spring;
Healing and joy our God shall bring;
Justice shall in our front appear,
And glory gather up our rear.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!

- O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, Forbear.
- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this illumin'd isle !
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile !
- 5 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown
Their pleasures they require ;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy abundant grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

- 1 ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile ;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed ;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift it's fainting head.
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound ;
The noise of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissenting voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land,
Millions of tongues shall then adore;
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

- 1 GREAT God of heaven and nature, rise,
And hear our loud united cries:
See Britain bow before thy face
Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust;
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast:
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy dreadful thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes:
Reform'd, and check'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.
- 5 Oh may no God-provoking sin
Through all the camps and navies reign;
No foul reproach to drive from thence
Our surest glory and defence.
- 6 So shall our God delight to bless,
And crown our arms with wide success:
Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,
And conquering Britain praise the Lord.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord; whose mighty hand;
So oft reveal'd, hath sav'd our Land;
And when united nations rose,
Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughty foes.
- 2 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare,
He shot from heaven a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day.
- 3 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.
- 4 In thee we trust, almighty Lord,
Continu'd rescue to afford;
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants hopes are there.

H Y M N CLXXX.

- 1 TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is high,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
- 2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave;
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great,
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.
- 3 He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome laws;
His feet shall tread the oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.
- 4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.
- 5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;

'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

- 6 Now shall the Lord exalt the just;
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.

H Y M N CLXXXI.

- 1 SAY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found,
As dwells in Britain's favour'd isle?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads,
And bids our bleakest mountains smile.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which comes from every foreign shore;
Science and arts their charms display;
Religion teacheth us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 These are thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our matchless blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful soils,
The raptures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
Britons through every age shall own,
Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 5 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may God in Britain reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.

HYMN CLXXXII.

- 1 NOW let our songs address the God of peace,
 Who bids the tumult of the battle cease :
 The pointed spears to pruning-hooks he bends,
 And the broad falchion in the plow-share ends.
 His powerful sword unites contending nations
 In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.
- 2 Britain, adore the guardian of thy state ;
 Who, high on his celestial throne elate,
 Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,
 Frown'd on the counsels of thy haughtiest foes ;
 Thy coast secur'd from every dire invasion
 Of fire and sword and spreading desolation.
- 3 When rebel-bands with desperate madness join'd,
 He waded o'er deliverance with his wind ;
 Drove back the tide, that delug'd half our land,
 And curb'd their fury with his mightier hand .
 Till dreadful slaughter, and the last confusion
 Taught those audacious sinners their delusion.
- 4 He gave our fleets to triumph o'er the main,
 And scatter terrors 'cross wide ocean's plain :
 Opposing leaders trembled at the sight,
 Nor found their safety in the attempted flight ;
 Taught by their bonds how vainly they pretended
 Those to distress, whom Israel's God defended.
- 5 Fierce storms were summon'd up in Britain's aid,
 And meagre famine hostile lands o'erspread ;
 By sufferings how'd their conquests they release,
 Nor scorn the overtures of an equal peace ;
 Contending powers congratulate the blessing,
 Joint hymns of gratitude to heaven addressing.
- 6 While we beneath our vines and fig-trees sit,
 Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
 Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
 And all the mercies of this day prolong.
 Then spread thy peaceful word through every nation,
 That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

- 1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day ;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.
- 3 How have we chas'd them through the field
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found !
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood ;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God ?
- 5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest ;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

- 1 SALVATION doth to God belong ;
His power and grace shall be our song ;
His hand hath dealt a deadly blow,
And terror strikes the haughty foe.
- 2 Praise to the Lord who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer ;
And, though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well chosen day.
- 3 O may thy grace our land engage,
Rescued from fierce tyrannic rage,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.
- 4 Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name ;

And every peaceful private home,
 To thee a temple shall become,
 Still be it our supreme delight,
 To walk as in thy house's sight,
 Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
 To life's last hour to persevere.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

- 1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call,
 Lift your voice and shout his praise,
 Triumph in his sovereign grace.
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most high,
 Terrible in his majesty;
 He his sovereign sway maintain,
 King o'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 On himself he takes our care,
 Saves us not by sword or spear;
 Safely to his house we go,
 Fearless of the invading foe.
- 4 God keeps off the hostile hands,
 God protects our happy lands,
 Stands as keeper of our fields,
 Stands as twice ten thousand shields.
- 5 Wonderful in saving power,
 Him let all our hearts adore;
 Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
 Glory be to God most high.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

- 1 LOVING Saviour, Prince of peace,
 Author of our unity,
 Making wars and jarings cease,
 Causing men, though foes, to agree,
 Kindly rule in us;
 Make us happily go on,

Helping each to bear his cross,
Stedfast till our work is done.

- 2 Let us like a flock of sheep,
Close together persevere,
True by one another keep,
Each esteeming very dear,
Altogether move :
Truly subject be the whole,
Bound in bands of truest love,
One in heart, in mind, and soul.

H. Y. M. N. CLXXXVII.

- 1 LO, what an entertaining sight,
Are brethren that agree
How blest the house, where hearts unite
In bands of piety !
- 2 Where streams of love, from heavenly springs,
Descend to every soul ;
And sacred peace, with balmy wings,
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 All in their proper stations move ;
And each fulfils his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Their souls are form'd for joy and peace ;
Their hearts and hopes are one ;
And kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 5 How happy is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Where songs of praise, and mingled vows,
Make the communion sweet.
- 6 Such pleasure crowns the heavenly hills ;
Thus saints are blest above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

- 1 O 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls;
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

- 1 BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace.
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness;
When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same;
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.

- 3 Where unity takes place
 The joys of heaven we prove;
 This is the gospel-grace,
 The unction from above:
 The Spirit, on all believers shed,
 Descending swift from Christ our head.

- 4 Where unity is found,
 The sweet anointing grace
 Extends on all around,
 And consecrates the place;
 To every waiting soul it comes,
 And fills it with divine perfumes.

H Y M N CXC.

- 1 GRACE every morning new,
 And every night, we feel;
 The soft refreshing dew,
 That falls from Hermon's hill;
 On Zion it doth sweetly fall,
 The grace of one descends on all.
- 2 Even now our Lord doth pour
 The blessing from above,
 A kindly, gracious shower
 Of heart-reviving love,
 The former and the latter rain,
 The love of God, and love of man.
- 3 In him when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless;
 His grace and Spirit to bestow,
 Where two or three are met below.
- 4 The riches of his grace
 In fellowship are given;
 To Zion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven;

He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life forevermore.

H Y M N CXCI.

- 1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are,
- 2 Join us, in one spirit join;
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.
- 3 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil.
- 4 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy!
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share!
- 5 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan:
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.
- 6 We who Jesus have put on,
Though we're many, yet we're one:
There is neither bond, nor free,
Male, nor female, Lord, in thee.
- 7 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd;
Render'd our distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

H Y M N CXCI.

- 1 O God, my Saviour, and my King,
Of all I have or hope the spring!

- Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.
- 3 And when another's prosperous state
Shall joys within himself create,
Let me too in the triumph join,
And count his peace and pleasure mine.
- 4 Yea, shall my neighbour spiteful prove,
Still let me vanquish spite with love;
Slow to resent, though he would grieve,
But always ready to forgive.
- 5 Let love in all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
Let me thine humble follower prove,
Saviour of men, and God of love!

H Y M N CXCVI.

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame !
- 2 Bold arrogance ! to snatch from Heaven
Dominion not to mortals given ;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Mad zeal ! that with hell-fury burns,
The rights of God and man overturns ;
Whose blind presumption sanctifies
Murders, rebellions, plots and lies.
- 4 Thus Rome asserts her proud decrees,
Enforc'd by fierce anathemas ;
And stirs up vengeance to devour
The foes of antichristian power.

- 5 Jesus ! thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve :
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine yields
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 6 By proofs divine and reasons strong
It draws the willing soul along :
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.
- 7 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast by Jesus held !
Britain ! thy blessings know : and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

H Y M N CXCIV.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye :
Thy doctrines, Lord, the test invite,
They bid us search and try.
- 2 Lord, to thy word we bring
A meek enquiring mind ;
And, joyful, at salvation's spring
Refreshing truth we find.
- 3 With understanding blest
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 O Lord, our spirit lead,
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth once learn'd imprefs
With favour on our heart ;
And help us firmly to profess
'Gainst all seducing art.

H Y M N CXCIV.

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys;
O! who so wise to chuse our lot,
And regulate our ways?
- 2 Since none can doubt his equal love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less, when he denies;
Even crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

H Y M N CXCVI.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies, and shall break
With blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust in him for grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CXC VII.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands ;
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on this work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 6 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

H Y M N CXC VII.

- 1 HAPPY beyond description he,
Who in the path of piety
Loves from his birth to run ;
It's ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all it's paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.
- 2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign.

With just and holy scorn ;
 Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
 And, with the promis'd land in view,
 Singing to God return.

H Y M N CXCIX.

- 1 'TIS religion that must give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die ;
 After death it's joys will be
 Lasting as eternity.

H Y M N CC.

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
 The blessings of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love,
 2 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandize !
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compar'd to her.
 3 Better she is than richest mines,
 All earthly treasures she outshines,
 Her value above rubies is,
 And precious pearls are vile to this.
 4 Whate'er thy heart can wish is poor
 To wisdom's all-sufficient store ;
 Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends ;
 She all created good transcends.
 5 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
 True riches and immortal praise,
 Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
 And honour that descends from God.
 6 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace:

H Y M N C C I.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N C C II.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll
Thy hand supports the steady pole;

- The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer-rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.
- 5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

H Y M N C CIII.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still : and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
- O glorious feat ! Thou God our King
Shalt thither bring our willing feet,

H Y M N CCIV.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N CCV.

- 1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou the great Jehovah hear?
- 2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 3 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 4 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her princes and her priests;
And by thy energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.

- 5 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
While all the virtues of his train,
Adorn our church and bless our isle.
- 6 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 7 Then let each age and rank agree
United shouts of joy to raise;
And Zion, made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise.

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 O JESU, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word!
2 In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy—salvation through blood.
- 4 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.
- 5 The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.
- 6 The people are blest
Who lean on his breast,
And have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.
- 7 This blessing is mine
Through favour divine:
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!
- 8 The work is of grace;
Thine, thine be the praise!
And mine to adore thee and tell of thy ways.

H Y M N CCVII.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice :
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye wretched starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die :
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

H Y M N CCVIII.

- 1 LO, God is here ! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing :

N

To him, enthron'd above all heights,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a flaming tongue.
 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
 To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;
 O take, O seal them for thine own.
 Thou art the God; thou art the Lord;
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd!

H Y M N CCLX.

1 BEING of beings! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will.
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!
 2 In thee we move: all things of thee
 Are full, thou source and life of all!
 Thou vast unfathomable sea!
 Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, all,
 Ye sons of men; for God is man!
 All may we lose, to thee we gain!
 3 As flowers their opening leaves display,
 And glad drink in the solar fire,
 So may we catch thy every ray,
 So may thy influence us inspire;
 Thou beam of the eternal Beam!
 Thou purging fire, thou quickening flame!

H Y M N CCLX.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
 With sacred joy his wonderful deeds proclaim;
 Let every tongue be vocal with his name.

- The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,
 His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
 2 The heaven of heavens be with his bounty fill'd;
 Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
 His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
 Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known;
 Through your immortal life, with love encreasing,
 Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.
 3 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
 Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
 Crown'd with his goodness let thy nations meet,
 And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
 With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,
 Which through each heart diffuseth every blessing.
 4 His goodness never ends; the dawn, the shade,
 Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their father's God.
 1 The deathless soul, through its immense duration,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
 5 Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;
 Angels and men in harmony combine;
 While human years are measur'd by the sun,
 And while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
 Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

H Y M N CCXI.

- 1 SING to the Lord a new melodious song;
 Assist the choir, ye tribes of every tongue;
 Wide as the world his sovereign mercy reigns;
 Wide as the world resound the rapturous strains;
 Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
 And sing the love, that brings to men salvation.
 2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey
 Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay

No human aid the danger could avert;
 No angel's hand could looth the raging fire.
 In his own breast divine compassion riles,
 And the grand scheme the court of heaven surprises.
 3 God's only Son with peerless glories bright,
 His Father's fairest image and delight,
 Justice and grace the victim have decreed
 To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed.
 Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
 And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.
 4 The wonderous work is done; the covenant stood,
 And Jesus expiates human guilt with blood;
 Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head;
 A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead;
 Rising, the gospel sends through every nation;
 Sinners believe, and gain complete salvation.
 5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise;
 O let it run through everlasting days!
 And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
 Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood;
 And to those songs form all our feeble voices,
 In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

H Y M N CCXII.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 The noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone,
May I by faith the Saviour see :
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee !
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire ;
Come, dearest Saviour, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fire !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Emanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine !
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen or angels known.

H Y M N CCXIV.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless thy wondrous grace,

Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.

How kind the care
Our God displays,

For us to raise

A house of prayer.

2 Though once estranged far,

We now approach thy thrones;

For Jesus brings us near,

And makes our cause his own :

Strangers no more

To thee we come,

And find our home,

And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,

And love thy sacred name ;

No more our own, but thine,

We triumph in thy claim ;

Our Father-King,

Thy covenant-grace

Our souls embrace,

Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast

On dainties all divine ;

And, while such sweets we taste,

With joy our faces shine.

Incense shall rise

From flames of love,

And God approve

The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng

To worship in thy house ;

And thou attend the song,

And smile upon their vows ;

Indulgent still,

Till earth conspire

To join the choir

On Zion's hill.

H Y M N CCXV.

- 1 SING to the Lord above,
 Who deigns on earth to raise
 A temple to his love,
 A monument of praise.
 Ye saints around,
 Through all its frame
 The builder's name
 Harmonious sound.
- 2 He form'd the glorious plan,
 And its foundation laid,
 That God might dwell with man,
 And mercy be display'd
 His Son he sent,
 Who, great and good,
 Made his own blood
 The sweet cement.
- 3 Beneath his eye and care
 The edifice shall rise
 Majestic strong and fair,
 And shine above the skies.
 There shall he place
 The polish'd stone,
 Ordain'd to crown
 This work of grace.

H Y M N CCXVI.

- 1 LOUD to the Prince of heaven
 Your cheerful voices raise;
 To him your vows be given,
 And fill his courts with praise.
 With conscious worth
 All clad in arms,
 All bright in charms,
 He sallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.

Before his wheels
In glad surprise,
Ye vallies rise,
And sink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injur'd righteousness
In thy retinue move,
And seek from thee redress.

Thou in their cause
Shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

4 Before thy awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace which conquers all.

The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way,
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display.

My heart, thy throne,
Blest Jesus, see
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

H Y M N CXXVII.

1 WITH extasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,

- Who rais'd the spacious earth,
 And rais'd our ruin'd frame :
 He built the church who built the sky,
 Shout and exalt his honours high.
- 2 See the foundation laid
 By power and love divine ;
 Jesus, his first-born Son,
 How bright his glories shine !
 Low he descends, in dust he lies,
 That from his tomb a church might rise.
- 3 But he forever lives ;
 Nor for himself alone ;
 Each saint new life derives
 From him, the living stone :
 His influence spreads through every soul,
 And in one house unites the whole.
- 4 To him with joy we move :
 In him cemented stand,
 The living temple grows,
 And owns the founder's hand.
 That structure, Lord, still higher raise,
 Louder to sound its builder's praise.
- 5 Descend and shed abroad
 The tokens of thy grace,
 And with more radiant beams
 Let glory fill the place :
 Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
 And own, our God is all in all.

H Y M N CCXVIII.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;

- O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will ;
3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy fight to live ;
And O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A good account to give !
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
And let me ne'er my trust betray,
Lest I forever die.

H Y M N CCXIX.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive ;
And let thy truth within us live.
2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our souls in Jesu's blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

H Y M N CCXX.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us, &c.
Travelling through this wilderness.
2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Ever faithful, &c.
To the truth may we be bound !
3 So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angel-wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, &c.
 Reign with Christ in endless day !

H Y M N CCXXI.

- 1 YE that in his courts are found
 Listening to the joyful sound ;
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Take the peace the gospel brings,
 Glorify the King of kings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View his bloody sacrifice ;
 See in him your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven ;
 Take the peace the gospel brings,
 Glorify the King of kings.

H Y M N CCXXII.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us all depart in peace ;
 Still on gospel manna feeding,
 Pure seraphic love increase ;
 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our voices raise ;
 When we reach thy blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

H Y M N CCXXIII.

- 1 FATHER, before we hence depart,
 Send thy good Spirit down ;
 Let him reside in every heart,
 And bless the seed that's sown.

- 2 Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'st thy Son to die;
O let thy Spirit from above
Enlighten and apply.

H Y M N CCXXIV.

- 1 TO thee, O Lord our God and King,
Whose mercies ne'er decay,
We thus in artless numbers sing,
And thus our praise we pay.
2 Whate'er is human ebbs and flows,
As wasting time prevails;
But grace divine no changes knows:
Charity never fails.
3 From thence flow plentiful streams and clear,
And may they never cease;
'Tis you who plant and water here,
'Tis God that gives the increase.
4 May he your pious alms regard,
Your warmth of zeal approve;
With ample blessings still reward
The labour of your love.
5 Rescu'd from ignorance and shame,
We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's love proclaim,
And live but to his praise.

H Y M N CCXXV.

- 1 O ALL ye nations of the earth,
To heaven your voices raise;
Awake your tuneful instruments
To sing your Maker's praise.
2 Jehovah reigns; his sacred page
Proclaims our happy lot,
That we poor children in distress
Shall never be forgot.

- 3 Objects of pity we implore,
O Lord, thy guardian care :
'Tis thine to hear the needy cry;
'Tis thine to hear their prayer.
- 4 Great Parent of mankind, by thee
Sustain'd each creature lives :
Helpless we ask, O bless the hand,
The hand that freely gives.
- 5 Increase their store, prolong their days ;
Richly thy grace impart ;
Accept our mite of gratitude,
An humble, thankful heart.
- 6 O magnify the Lord with us,
With us that God adore,
Whose gracious mercy was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

- 1 HAIL! holy faith, whose hand-beniga
Points out the blest abode ;
And, raising human to divine,
Leads nature to her God.
- 2 Thee glowing hope, celestial maid,
In union sweet attends ;
Improves the scene thy care display'd,
And added beauty blends.
- 3 Nor e'er, fair partners, do ye stray
From her, your sister-grace,
Blest charity, whose kindly ray
Exalts the human race.
- 4 To him be sacred all our lays,
Whose pity to distress
Gave hope to cheer, gave faith to raise,
And charity to bless.

H Y M N CCXXVII.

- 1 HAIL ! fairest daughter of the sky ;
 Hail ! gentle, lovely charity ;
 What name so fit to grace our song ;
 To dwell the lengthening notes among ;
 To waken music's noblest part ;
 To glad the sympathizing heart ;
 As thine ; sweet counterpart of bliss above ?
 Thyself source, guardian, and reward of love.
- 2 Thee, the great Father of mankind,
 His delegate on earth assign'd,
 Taught thee to bless, exalt and charm,
 Bade thee aspiring nature warm,
 Assist each bursting virtue's birth,
 And ripen tender sense to worth ;
 Gave thee to banish pain, despair and fear,
 To check the encroaching woe and starting tear.

H Y M N CCXXVIII.

- 1 SWEET's the strain, when meek-ey'd peace
 Gently sweeps the harmonious wires ;
 Horrid war's hoarse, clari-ous cease ;
 Sweet's the strain which peace inspires.
- 2 Sweet the soothing notes combine,
 When mercy spares the prostrate foe ;
 Forgiveness calls for lays divine,
 Sweet the strains from mercy flow.
- 3 Sweet compassion's plaintive sound
 Lenient soothes affliction's pain ;
 Sympathetic feels the wound,
 Sweetly swells the softening strain.
- 4 But sweetest far the strains improve,
 When charity to action springs ;
 Uniting mercy, peace, and love ;
 The bliss that takes, the bliss that brings.

5 O charity, celestial guest !
 Descend and stamp thy mild decree ;
 Attune the voice, expand the breast,
 For sweet's the strain inspir'd by thee.

H Y M N CCXXIX.

- 1 AS when kind heaven profusely pours
 On thirsty earth refreshing showers,
 The laughing fields rejoice ;
 So we, for all your kindness, raise
 The joyful hymn of infant-praise,
 And swell our grateful voice.
- 2 How late did ignorance surround
 Our heedless steps ! No star was found
 To point religion's way ;
 Till you dispell'd the gloomy night,
 Till you diffus'd this heavenly light,
 This charming Christian day.
- 3 Nor think that those, who humbly deign
 In virtue's paths our minds to train,
 And liberally bestow ;
 Who kindly nurture infant-youth
 To live to virtue and to truth,
 Shall unrewarded go.
- 4 Kind heaven, propitious to your toil,
 Shall, like the generous widow's oil,
 Your property increase ;
 And, as life's bustling scene decays,
 Benignant bless its closing days
 With plenty, health, and peace.
- Hallelujah ! Amen.

H Y M N CCXXX.

- 1 GREAT God ! thy bounties, large and free,
 Through various channels flow ;

- In just proportion and degree
 Convey'd to all below:
 Give thanks to God who reigns above,
 The God of power is God of love !
- 2 His wisdom form'd us in the womb,
 His care the infant rears ;
 From him the powers of manhood come,
 He props declining years.
 Give thanks, &c.
- 3 When nature fails, diseases press
 This mortal fabric down ;
 He then receives the soul, to bless
 With an immortal crown.
 Give thanks, &c.

H Y M N CCXXII

- 1 ETERNAL Father of mankind !
 From whom all blessings spring :
 The rich man's wealth, the poor's support,
 The breath by which we sing !
- 2 Through thine abundant care of us,
 Whose parentage is poor ;
 In the assemblies of the just
 We sing, give praise, adore.
- 3 Since heaven provides for children's lives,
 When they are in distress ;
 We'll magnify the Deity,
 Whence flows our happiness.
- 4 We bless thy name, whole tender care
 Our daily want supplies ;
 Teach us, O Lord, thy gracious fear,
 And hear our infant-cries.
- 5 May ten-fold blessings here below
 On these our friends attend ;
 And may our kindest patrons know
 That bliss that ne'er shall end.

- 6 Since God above, in tender love,
For us such help did raise;
We will proclaim his glorious name,
In songs of lasting praise.

Hallelujah !

HYMN CCXXXII.

- 1 WHY wake the soft harmonious lays
Why do our songs united rise ?
'Tis heaven-born charity we praise ;
The source of all our earthly joys !
Hail, charity ! what heart but glows with thee ?
Bright emanation of the Deity !
- 2 Compassion's voice strikes every ear :
Hark ! heard ye not a gentle sigh
How softly steals the lucid tear
From sympathizing pity's eye !
Hail, charity ! &c.
- 3 To thee, the widow's plaintive song
A grateful tribute often pays :
To thee, the helpless children's tongues
Swells the glad note of artless praise.
Hail, charity ! &c.
- 4 The great Redeemer of mankind
Commanded us to own thy sway,
And yield to thee the willing mind ;
Let all the kind behest obey.
Hail, charity ! &c.
- 5 Then shall the children's blessings rise,
Aspiring to the Almighty's throne ;
Angels shall waft them o'er the skies,
And make the happy song their own.
Hail, charity ! what heart but glows with thee ?
Bright emanation of the Deity !

H Y M N CCXXXIII.

- 1 FROM heaven fair charity descend,
To helpless babes a timely friend ;
Thy voice with kindest passions move,
And melt the heart in Christian love ;
- 2 On man his image God impress,
Made him to be, and to be blest ;
Pleas'd the great Father bids on all
In plenteous streams his bounties fall.
- 3 Is God thus gracious to mankind,
Yet man to man's distresses blind ?
From us poor babes, your kindred race,
Turn not away, nor hide your face.
- 4 Our minds, if rightly taught to shoot,
Will yield you more than golden fruit ;
For you our prayers shall intercede,
Our tears, our joys, our virtues plead.
- 5 When earthly power and wealth shall fail,
Our prayers will plead, and shall prevail ;
And those who, generously kind,
Do mercy shew, shall mercy and.

H Y M N CCXXXIV.

- 1 FATHER of mercy ! hear our prayers
For those who do us good ;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.
- 2 Each hand and heart that lends us aid,
Thou dost inspire and guide ;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.
- 3 Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing ;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou the unfailing spring.

- 4 For those whose goodness founded this,
A better house prepare;
Receive them to thy heavenly bliss,
And may we meet them there!
- 5 May all the pleasing pains they share,
Be crown'd with with'd success;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless.
- 6 So shall the helpless who remain
Expos'd as we before,
Increasing still our humble train,
With louder songs adore.

H Y M N CCXXXV.

- 1 TO thee, great God! our thanks we owe,
Thy goodness we adore;
Who bids the feeling heart to glow
With pity for the poor:
Who lets the infant orphan share
The good man's riches, love, and care.
- 2 Obscur'd by mean and humble birth,
In ignorance we lay;
'Till Christian bounty call'd us forth,
And led us into day;
Taught us the word of God to explore,
To ask his love, and dread his power.
- 3 Oh! look for ever kindly down
On those who help the poor;
Oh! let success their labours crown,
And plenty heap their store:
And may that mine by us possess'd
Diffuse a blessing o'er the rest.
- 4 And when before thy judgment-seat
With trembling hope we go,
Reward or punishment to meet,
For what we've done below,
Our shouting voices shall declare
Their tender love to us while here.

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, all ye that fear him,
Praise his name, with voice and mind ;
Virtuous spirits, all revere him ;
Speak his goodness to mankind.
- 2 For the poor and unprotected
God rejoices to support ;
To his temple here collected,
He invites them to resort.
- 3 With his people here assembling,
Prayer with gladsome hymns to join ;
In his house with fear and trembling,
Offering gratitude divine.
- 4 With a virtuous education,
Thus he gives the soul its scope ;
Yea, O God of our salvation,
Thou hast been our early hope.
- 5 In thy sacred institutions
Mayest thou ever be our guide ;
Strengthen holy resolutions
By thy precepts to abide.
- 6 So shall we, in heavenly phrases,
Daily harmonize each tongue ;
That the Lord Jehovah's praises
May in sweeter notes be sung.

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

- 1 FATHER, with joy we praise
Thy providential care,
Snatch'd in our youthful days
From sin, and Satan's snare.
We own, and thankfully approve
Thy merciful design ;
And vow to seek the things above,
And live entirely thine.

- 2 But vain our vows, we know,
And strongest promises,
Unless our God bestow
The power himself to please:
Nor men, nor means can change the hearts,
Or render it sincere,
Till thou the principle impart
Of godly, gracious fear.
- 3 Hear, then, thy children's call,
Rais't thy own desire;
And kindle in us all
A spark of heavenly fire:
A taste of God, a feed of grace
Let every soul receive;
And now begin the Christian race,
And now begin to live.
- 4 Train'd up in the true way
Wherein we ought to go,
Preserve us, lest we stray,
When more in years we grow:
O let us not, when old, depart
From our integrity;
But love our God with all our hearts,
And live and die to thee.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 GREAT Lord of all! whose works of love
Creation's boundless realms display;
Help us to join the choirs above,
And hail thy providential way.
- 2 No friendly hand to shield our youth
From future poverty and woe,
To guide us in the paths of truth,
And teach us all we ought to know.
- 3 Dark was the culms of our sin,
Till thy benignant mercy shone;
Redeem'd us from our wretched state,
And made the fatherless thine own.

4th Blest guardian ! whose paternal care
 With bounteous hand our wants supplies !
 O, may our ceaseless praise and prayer
 To thy bright throne as incense rise !

H Y M N CCXXXIX.

1st FATHER of mercies ! God of grace !
 Each perfect gift is thine :
 Through various channels flow the streams,
 The source is still divine !
 2nd Thy kindness called us into life,
 And all the good we know,
 Each present comfort, future hope,
 Thy liberal hands bestow,
 3rd The friends whose charity provides
 This refuge, where to flee
 From want, from ignorance, and vice,
 Were raised up by thee.
 4th To thee we owe the full supply,
 Which by their hands is given
 To make us useful here below,
 And train our souls for heaven.
 5th May health and peace attend them here,
 And every joy above ;
 While we improve with grateful hearts
 The labour of their love.

H Y M N CCXL.

1st FROM infant tongues the hymn of praise
 Well pleas'd, O Lord, wilt thou receive !
 Nor scorn the humble strains we raise
 To bless the power by which we live !
 2nd All nature as thy voice obey'd,
 When hid in shades of darkest night,
 Let there be light, the Almighty said,
 And all creation beam'd with light !

- 3 So when obscur'd by want and woe,
 Ere yet we knew thy grace to crave,
 Thou bad'st the springs of comfort flow,
 And pity's arm was stretch'd to save!
- 4 Instructed now to seek our God,
 The shades disperse, our sorrows cease;
 O! may we ne'er forsake the road
 That leads us to the realms of peace!
- 5 But may a grateful life repay
 Our patrons tenderness and care;
 Whose bounty shields our early day
 From tempting want and lost despair.
- 6 To thee, eternal, heavenly King!
 Be every adoration paid;
 Nor shall our lips e'er cease to sing
 Thy mercies in our cause display'd.

H Y M N CCXLI.

- 1 FATHER of all! whose tender love,
 Whose bounty all thy creatures prove,
 We feel thy goodness, own thy power,
 Thy hand sustains us every hour.
- 2 Supported by thy gracious care,
 Thy blessings while we daily share,
 Our infant minds, which else would stray,
 Are early taught to know thy way.
- 3 That happy day which God hath blest,
 We pass in prayer and holy rest;
 Cheerful we sing our Maker's praise,
 And wish to serve him all our days.
- 4 By Christ's example we are led
 The sacred paths of truth to tread,
 To shun the sinner's dangerous way,
 To love our duty, and obey.
- 5 Cheerful obedience to his word
 Will present peace and hope afford,
 And never-ending joys await
 The righteous in a future state.

CHORUS.

*O may these early pious cares
Appear in our succeeding years,
And every future action show
The happy fruits of aubas we know!*

H Y M N C C X L I I .

- 1 PARENT of good 1 to thee we owe
Whatever we enjoy ;
Our every blessing here below,
Our hopes beyond the sky.
- 2 The duties of our little sphere
Assist us to fulfil,
And mark'd let every act appear
With reverence for thy will.
- 3 Contented with our humble state,
We'll pass our peaceful days ;
Seek to be good—instead of great,
And live our Maker's praise.
- 4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy willing hand,
To guide our erring youth ;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

CONGREGATION.

5. Thou God of love, and mercy, hear
Their artless songs, their fervent prayer ;
And with thy choicest favours bless,
And own as thine this rising race.
- 6 Incline their hearts to learn thy will,
Their opening minds with knowledge fill ;
Impress thine image on their breast,
And guide them to eternal rest.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and thee alone !
 Thee will I love till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ?
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain ?
 Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd ;
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd :
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

H Y M N CCXLIV.

- 1 I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd ;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace
 Still to press forward in thy way :
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.
- 3 Give to my eyes refreshing tears ;
 Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd, free ;

- Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires;
 That all my powers with all their might
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
 Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
 What though my flesh and heart decay?
 Thee shall I love in endless day!

H Y M N CCXLV.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 I only sigh for thy repose;
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
 And fain I would: but though my will
 Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee;
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see;
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

H Y M N CCXLVI.

- 1 IS there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to turn?

- Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of every motion there :
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.
- 2 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live !
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive.
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but thee.
- 3 O love, thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care :
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there :
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba Father cry.
- 4 Ah, no ! never will I backward turn :
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am !
 Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.
 O help, that I may never move
 From the bl-ss footsteps of thy love !
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call !
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love be all my choice.

H Y M N CCXLVII.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !

- 2 Stronger is love than death or hell :
 Its riches are unsearchable :
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see :
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
 Oh ! that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine !
 Be mine this better part !
- 4 Oh ! that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet :
 Be this my happy choice !
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 5 Oh ! that I could, with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

H Y M N CCKLVIII.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down !
 Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart !
- 2 Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every longing breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest !

- Take away the power of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come ! almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave !
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restor'd by thee ;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heaven we take our place,
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

H Y M N C C X L I X.

- 1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art ;
 The pasture I languish to find
 Where all, who their shepherd obey,
 Are fed ; on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah shew me that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an extacy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;

My spirit to Calvary bear
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3. 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally hid in thy heart.

H Y M N CCL.

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I found it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is fordid dust.
4. All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
5. I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last laboring breath ;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

H Y M N CCLL.

1. MY soul, abjure the accursed throng,
Whose prospering wealth increases tall

- By fraud, by violence and wrong,
Still thriving for the thunder's blast;
2 If high or low my station be,
Of noble, or ignoble name,
By uncorrupted honesty,
Thy blessing, Lord, I'd humbly claim;
3 Enrich'd with that, no want I'll fear,
Thy providence shall be my trust;
Thou wilt provide my portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
4 Oh may I with sincere delight
To all the task of duty pay;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
5 Such virtue thou wilt not forget
In worlds, where every virtue shares
A fit reward, though not of debt,
Yet what thy boundless grace prepares.

H Y M N CCLII.

- 1 COME, let us search our ways and try,
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?
2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?
3 Do we relieve the poor distress'd?
Nor give our tongues a loose
To make their names our scorn and jest,
Nor treat them with abuse?
4 Have we not found our envy grow
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By sly malicious ways?
5 In all we sell, and all we buy,
Is justice our design?

- Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine ?
6. In vain we talk of Jesu's blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

H Y M N CCLIII.

1. LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil ;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.
2. True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear :
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.
3. Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise :
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.
4. They hate the appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears ;
Firm to the truth ; and when they die
Eternal life is theirs.

H Y M N CCLIV.

1. BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.
2. From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fall !
The gentle precepts which he gave
Became their author well.
3. Blest is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;

- To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain :
- 4 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.
- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His precious soul shall live.
- 8 To him protection shall be shewn ;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

H Y M N CCLV.

- 1 BEHOLD a wretch in woe,
A fellow-mortal mourns :
My eyes with tears of pity flow,
My heart his sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry,
The famish'd beg for bread :
O let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 Lo, the poor debtor sues,
Pale at the penal threat,
A starving family he shews,
I cancel all the debt.
- 4 And shall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,

- My brother crying, I repent,
Nor will offend again ?
5 How else, on sprightly wings,
Can hope bear high my prayer
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there ?
6 The pitiful and kind
Thy pity will repay ;
With thee shall the forgiving and
A sweet forgiving day.
7 But justice lifts her scale,
And shakes her rod on high ;
Nor prayers, nor sighs, nor tears avail
The sons of cruelty.

H Y M N CCLVI.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, in your several stations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due ;
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you disobey your Saviour,
His command's the rule for you.
2 Parents, be to children tender ;
Children, full obedience render
To your parents, in the Lord :
Never slight, nor disrespect them ;
Nor through pride, when old, reject them ;
'Tis the precept of the word.
3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection ;
Husbands, with a kind affection,
Cherish, as yourselves, your wives.
4 Masters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by justice, not by passion,
To the scriptures square your lives.
5 Servants, serve your masters truly ;
Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
To the good—nor to the bad ;

Not refusing what your're bidden ;
 Not replying when your're chidden ;
 'Tis the ordinance of God.

- 5 This shall solve the important question,
 Whether thou'rt a real Christian,
 Better than each golden dream ;
 Better far than lip-expressions,
 Towering notions, great professions,
 This shall shew your love to him.

H Y M N CCLVII.

- 1 THERE is a land of living joy
 Beyond the utmost skies,
 Where scenes of bliss, without alloy,
 In boundless prospects rise.
- 2 High seated on a blazing throne
 The eternal God appears,
 Puts all his smiling glories on,
 And awes at once and cheers.
- 3 The slaughter'd Lamb at his right hand
 Assumes his royal seat ;
 Adoring angels round him stand,
 His ministers of state.
- 4 Each breast with strong devotion glows,
 Love every heart inspires ;
 While God's own Spirit gently blows,
 And fans the holy fires.
- 5 In strains celestial, every tongue
 Shall God's high praise proclaim
 And all in concert join the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 6 The hallelujahs, once begun,
 No pause or end shall know ;
 But joy and harmony in one
 Perpetual transport flow.

H Y M N CCLVIII.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come.
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When rais'd by the life-giving word
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord;
 The city so holy and clean
 No sorrow can breathe in the air;
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there!
- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here,
 Her walls are of jasper or gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear;
 Immoveably founded in grace
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her bulwark displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light:
 The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo! by reflection they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine!
- 5 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward,
 In Jesus, in heaven they live,
 They reign in the smile of their Lord:

The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face ;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

H Y M N COLIX.

- 1 WHAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their master's blood ;
Sufferers in his righteous cause ;
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes, by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow ;
Therefore are they near the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they end their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more ;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder climate dwell,
Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
These the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead ;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove ;

Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

H Y M N CCLX.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that happy place,
The saints secure abode ;
Our faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 See where the Lamb in glory stands
Incircled with his radiant bands,
And join the angelic powers ;
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.
- 4 Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope ;
It lifts the fainting spirit up !
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our head.

HYMN CCLXI.

- 1 WHAT joy shall abound,
When our brethren around
The throne of our glorious Redeemer are found !
Not a dissonant string
Shall be heard while we sing.
With the choras of angels, our Saviour and King.
- 2 Our Saviour we own,
Who sits on the throne,
All praise to the Father, and Spirit, and Son !
We are sav'd by the Lamb,
Let all heaven proclaim ;
Let all heaven bow down to his wonderful name !
- 3 Our Jesus surround,
With majesty crown'd,
And amen to our praises, ye seraphim, sound !
Lo, he shews us his face !
Ye seraphim, gane,
Or fall and adore in the spirit of praise.
- 4 Thus, thus let us lie,
'Till, rais'd by his eye,
Hallelujah, again hallelujah, we cry !
Progressively move,
And in rapture improve,
And eternity spend to the praise of his love.

HYMN CCLXII.

- 1 WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore,
Reverence and awe become the tongue,
That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her slopes of vengeance there.

- 3 Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Died in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands ;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath the rod ;
Once they would scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son ;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call ;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

H Y M N CCLXIII.

- 1 TERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I
Of all, alas ! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die ?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive.
- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet ?
- 4 While they enjoy his heavenly love,
Must I in torments dwell ?
And howl, while they sing hymns above,
And blow the flames of hell.
- 5 Ah ! no : I still may turn and live ;
For still his wrath delays ;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

- 6 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart ;
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render him my heart.
- 7 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given ;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

H Y M N CCLXIV.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim :
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they thine,
The hand that made us is divine.

H Y M N CCLXV.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile.
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CCLXVI.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

- 3 Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!
- 5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart:
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.
- 7 For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 8 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.
- 9 In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 10 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee!

H Y M N CCLXVII.

- 1 FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime, ador'd
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
The universal Lord!

- 2 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.
- 3 What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.
- 4 Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
- 5 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land.
On each I judge thy foe.
- 6 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 7 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 8 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.
- 9 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go
Through this day's life or death.
- 10 This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
And let thy will be done.
- 11 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !

One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise !

H Y M N CCLXVIII.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promise
And pardons in his hands :
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his love to mortals known.

H Y M N CCLXIX.

- 1 GREAT prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.
- 2 Jesus, my great high-priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone ;
And now he pleads before the throne.
- 3 My great almighty Lord,
My conqueror and my king,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power ; behold I fit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

- 4 Now let my soul arise
And tread the tempter down ;
My Saviour leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

H Y M N CCLXX.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee against myself, to thee
A worm of earth I cry ;
An half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure, insensible :
A point of life, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress :
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar :
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
My future bliss to insure,
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

H Y M N CCLXXI.

- 1 GRACE ! tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

H Y M N CCLXXII.

- 1 WHY will you lavish out your years,
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?
While in this various change of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Why will you chase the fleeting wind,
And furnish an immortal mind ?
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown.
- 3 The eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love ;

- Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
 And shall they join their plans in vain?
 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
 Those objects, which you now pursue;
 Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
 When the decisive hour is near.
 5 Almighty God, thy power impart
 To fix conviction on the heart;
 Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
 And makes the proudest scorner wise.

H Y M N COLXXIII.

- 1 WITH joy commemorate the grace
 Of your high-priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame,
 He knows what sure temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
 3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.
 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
 And, in his measure feels afresh,
 What every member bears.
 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
 6 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power,
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

- 1 **HAPPY** the heart where grace reigns,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And quickens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
May wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.
- 5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

H Y M N CCLXXV.

- 1 **BLESS'd** are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the men who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.
- 4 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;

- They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ, their Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin,
With endless pleasure shall they see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men who now partake
Of shame and pain for Jesu's sake;
Their souls, exulting in the Lord,
Shall share at last the great reward.

H Y M N CCLXXVI.

- 1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,
From every creature-love!
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
As I happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,

- A poor way-faring man;
 I lodge a while in tents below,
 Or gladly wander to and fro,
 Till I my Canaan gain.
 5 Nothing on earth I call my own,
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.
 6 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home:
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
 7 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest:
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
 Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
 Receive me to thy breast!

H Y M N CCLXXVII.

- 1 LET others boast their ancient line,
 In long succession great;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarchs swell the state;
 Descended from the King of kings,
 Each saint a nobler title sings.
 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
 Own me an heir divine;
 I'll pity princes on the throne
 When I can call thee mine:
 Sceptres and crowns unenvy'd rise,
 And lose their lustre in my eyes.

R. 2

- 3 Content, obscure I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne.
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain.
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear.
Enough!—I wait the appointed day,
Bless'd Saviour, haste and come away!

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

- 1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
- 2 Can laughter feed the immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest?
Peacocks and flies are better dress:
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;

Then with a heaven-directed eye,
 We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
 6: We'll look on all the toys below
 With such disdain as angels do,
 And wait the call that bids us rise,
 To mansions promis'd in the skies.

H Y M N CCLXXIX.

- 1: COME, thou Fount of every blessing !
 Tune mine heart to sing thy grace !
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise ;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2: Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
 Hither by thine help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.
- 3: O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace now like a fetter
 Bind my wandering heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love
 Here's mine heart—O take and seal it !
 Seal it from thy courts above.

H Y M N CCLXXX.

- 1: JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 R. 3,

- While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past;
 Save into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, are all I want,
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity!

H Y M N OCLXXXI.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant!
 We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory;
 We lift our hearts and voices

With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise,
 Which knows our days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favour,
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine forever.
 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation,
 Nor will we fear,
 Whilst thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world with sin and Satan
 In vain our march opposes,
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
 4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise
 For that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us:
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

H Y M - N CCLXXXII

1 TELL us, O women, we would know
 Whither so fast ye move;

- We, call'd to leave the world behind;
Are seeking one above.*
- 2 *Whence came ye say, and what the place
That ye are travelling from?
From tribulation we through grace
Are now returning home.*
- 3 *Is not your native dwelling here?
Like you not this abode?
We seek a better city far,
A city built by God.*
- 4 *Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest;
Nor are, 'till in the sinner's friend
Our weary souls are blest.*
- 5 *Friends of the bridegroom we shall reign;
Saviour, we ask no more;
Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Whom heaven and earth adore!*

H Y M N COLXXXIII.

- 1 *THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Antient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest'd.*
- 2 *The God of Abram praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right-hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.*
- 3 *The God of Abram praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace*

Shall guide me all my happy days,

In all my ways :

He calls a worm his friend :

He calls himself my God :

And he shall save me to the end,

Through Jesu's blood,

4 He by himself hath sworn,

I on his oath depend,

I shall, on eagles wings up-borne,

To heaven ascend :

I shall behold his face,

I shall his power adore,

And sing the wonders of his grace

Forevermore.

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

1 Though nature's strength decay,

And earth and hell withstand,

To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,

At his command :

The watery deep I pass,

With Jesus in my view :

And through the howling wilderness,

My way pursue,

2 The goodly land I see,

With peace and plenty bless'd,

A land of sacred liberty,

And endless rest :

There milk and honey flow,

And oil and wine abound,

And trees of life forever grow,

With mercy crown'd,

3 There dwells the Lord our King,

The Lord our righteousness,

Triumphant o'er the world and sin,

The Prince of peace :

On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand;
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

H Y M N. CCLXXXV.

1 The God who reigns on high
The great arch-angels sing,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty King!

Who was, and is the same;
And evermore shall be;

Jehovah—Father—great I AM!
We worship thee.

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
Forever new.

He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame;
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

- 3 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high,
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abram's God—and mine!
 I join the heavenly lays,
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

- 1 GLORY be to God our King: Hallelujah.
 Thine eternal love we sing: Hal.
 Thou hast bar'd thine arm divine, Hal.
 Wrought salvation, made us thine. Hal.
 2 Wandering sheep, how far from home,
 Sore bewilder'd did we roam,
 Till the gracious Shepherd came,
 Sought and sav'd: O praise his name!
 3 Death! no more we dread thy sting:
 Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing:
 Grave! thy terrors we defy:
 We shall live, for Christ did die.
 4 Fir'd with gratitude, we raise
 All our souls to sound thy praise:
 Touch each heart, each tongue inspire,
 Sing we higher still, and higher. Hallelujah.

H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come and with us, ev'n us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely:
 On thee alone our spirit stay,
 While held in life's uneven way,
 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place,

- And hasten through the vale of woe,
 And restless to behold thy face :
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight,
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light ;
 Jerusalem the saint's abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind,
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find ;
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.

H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ ;
 They shew the labour of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms ;
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms :
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;
 Bright seraphs learn Emanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
Fear shall in me no more take place ;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :
But shall I therefore let him go ?
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No ; in the strength of Jesus, no ;
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear ;
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here ;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.
- 4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord and God I claim ;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name :
To me he soon shall bring at night,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,

On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CCXC.

- 1 THE Lord of glory reigns supremely great,
And o'er heaven's arches builds his royal seat ;
Through world's unknown his sovereign sway
extends,
Nor space nor time his boundless empire ends.
His eye beholds the affairs of every nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immense creation.
- 2 Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll where he has mark'd their way :
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him stand,
At his first signal all their wings expand ;
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,
And every heart through the full choir rejoices.
- 3 Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,
Nor longer such unequal war maintain :
Let clay with fellow clay in combat strive,
But dread to brave the power, by which you live :
With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore him,
For, if he frowns, ye perish all before him.

H Y M N CCXCI.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain :
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast is fed
By Providence Divine ;

The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 So, faith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

4 Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise ;
The vocal groves
Shall sing the God,
And every tree
Consenting nod.

H Y M N CCXCII.

1 DO I not love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?

- Hast thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead ?
 5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known ?
 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honour of thy name ?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame ?
 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord :
 But, O ! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

H Y M N CCXCHI.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide !
 While Jesu's fragrant name
 Is breath'd on every side :
 Balmy and rich
 The odours rise,
 And fill the earth
 And reach the skies.
 2 Ten thousand dying souls
 Its influence feel, and live ;
 Sweeter than vital air
 The incense they receive :
 They breathe anew,
 And rise and sing
 Jesus the Lord,
 Their conquering King.
 3 But sinners scorn the grace,
 That brings salvation nigh ;
 They turn their face away,
 And faint, and fall, and die.

So sad a doom,
Ye saints, deplore,
For, O ! they fall
To rise no more.

4. Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those, who live or die,
A favour sweet to thee :
Supremely bright,
Thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames
Of wrath divine.

H Y M N CCXCIV.

1. LOUD be thy name ador'd,
Thy titles spread abroad,
Of Christ, our glorious Lord,
The Father and the God !
Through such a Son,
Thy churches head,
Thine honours spread
O'er worlds unknown.
2. Ten thousand gifts of love
From thee through him descend ;
And bear our souls above
To joys that never end :
To heaven they soar,
Sustain'd by God,
And through the road
His arm adore.
3. Ten thousand songs of praise
Shall by the Saviour rise,
And through eternal days
Shall echo round the skies.

New shouts we'll give,
And loud proclaim
The honour'd name,
By which we live.

H Y M N CCXCV.

- 1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew
His wonderful grace,
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wonderful sight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

- 5 Around his sacred tomb,
 A willing watch ye keep,
 Till the blest moment come
 To rouse him from his sleep :
 Then roll'd the stone,
 And all ador'd
 Your rising Lord,
 With joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in light
 The shining conqueror rode,
 Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And wav'd around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest sound.
- 7 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

H Y M N CCXCVI.

- 1 THE promises I sing,
 Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
 Nor will the eternal King
 His words of grace revoke ;
 They stand secure,
 And steadfast still.
 Not Zion's hill
 Abides so sure
- 2 The mountains melt away
 When once the Judge appears,
 And sun and moon decay,
 That measure mortals years ;

But still the same
 In radiant lines
 The promise shines
 Through all the flame.

3. Their harmony shall sound
 Through mine attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground,
 And dissipate the spheres ;
 'Midst all the shock
 Of that dread scene,
 I stand serene,
 Thy word my rock.

H Y M N. CCXCVII.

1. WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
 The immortal honours of thy name :
 Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
 We make his ceaseless glories known.
2. High on his Father's royal seat
 Our Jesus shone divinely great
 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
 Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.
3. Through all-succeeding ages he
 The same hath been, the same shall be :
 Immortal radiance gilds his head,
 While stars and sun wax old and fade.
4. The same his power his flock to guard ;
 The same his bounty to reward ;
 The same his faithfulness and love
 To saints on earth, and saints above.
5. Let nature change, and sink, and die ;
 Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
 And fix them near his stable throne,
 In glory changeless as his own.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

- 1 ISRAEL, the tribute bring
 To God's victorious name ;
 The song of Moses sing,
 Of Moses and the Lamb :
 Improve his lays ;
 The theme exceeds,
 And nobler deeds
 Demand our praise.
- 2 The prince of hell arose
 With impious rage and pride,
 And 'gainst our numerous foes
 Our feeble power defy'd ;
 I will o'ertake,
 And I destroy,
 My hand with joy
 Shall force thee back.
- 3 Thy hand, almighty Lord,
 Thy trembling Israel saves ;
 4 Thine unresisted word
 Divides the threatening waves :
 Thy hosts pass o'er
 The foe o'erthrown
 Sinks like a stone
 To rise no more.
- 4 Our triumphs we prepare,
 And cheerful anthems raise ;
 Jehovah's arm made bare
 Demands immortal praise ;
 And while we sing,
 Ye shores, proclaim
 His wonderful name,
 Ye deserts, ring.
- 5 Through all the wilderness
 Thy presence, Lord, shall lead :
 And bring us to the place,
 Thy sovereign love decreed ;

Those blissful plains,
Where all around
Hosannas sound,
And transport reigns.

H Y M N CCXCIX.

- 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see :
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me :
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay :
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence dispels my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always just nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy will appear :
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song !
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore :
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN CCC.

- 1 **HELP**, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day !
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm :
In each approach of sin alarm,
And shew the danger near !
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whenever my careless hands hang down,
Oh ! let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye ;
And starting cry from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
Oh save me, or I die !
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart !
Recal me by that pitying look,
'That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblameable in grace ;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness to appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN CCCI.

- 1 **SINNERS**, turn ! why will you die,
God, your Maker, asks you why,
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

- He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn ! why will you die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why :
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Dy'd himself that you might live :
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn ! why will you die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Waits to manifest his love.
Will you not the grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God and die ?
- 4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death ?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain ?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you forever die ?

H Y M N CCCII.

- 1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you ?
To procure you peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood ?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny ?
Why will you resolve to die ?

- 2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn :
 By his life your God hath sworn,
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite ?
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will you resolve to die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn while God is near,
 Dare not think him insincere :
 Now, even now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands ;
 Cries, Ye will not happy be ;
 No, ye will not come to me !
 Me, who life to none deny :
 Why will you resolve to die ?
- 4 Can ye doubt that God is love ?
 If to all his bowels move ?
 Will ye not his word receive ?
 Will ye not his oath believe ?
 See, the suffering God appears !
 Jesus weeps ! believe his tears !
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 Why will you resolve to die ?

* H Y M N C C C H I .

- 1 DESOLATION now is raging
 Round the world in various forms ;
 And Christ's servants are proclaiming
 Shelter in ensuing forms :
 Oh ! take warning ; come ; this is the gospel-day.
 2 Earth's foundations now are reeling,
 Shuddering stagger to and fro,
 This the prelude of his coming
 To redress his people's woe :
 O ye virgins ! trim your lamps ; the Bridegroom
 comes.

*upon the shores of an Antiquarian at
 Marshfield Sept 10th 1777 by D. Lister*

- 3 Wake! awake, ye drowly mortals,
Let your worldly projects die;
Hearken to those solemn warnings;
To the blood of sprinkling fly:
Grieve his patience now no more; repent, and live.

H Y M N CCCIV.

- 1 ENGRAV'D as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
These everlasting lines.
2 The sacred word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

H Y M N CCCV.

SINCE nothing but thy presence, Lord,
Can life and lasting peace afford
This joyless soul of mine;
Here fix thy throne, and ne'er depart.
So shall this frail and wandering heart
Be ever, ever thine.

H Y M N CCCVI.

COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love.
My bosom inspire,
Rekindle the fire,
And wrap me in flames of celestial desire.

H Y M N CCCVII.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where-e'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;

- His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where-e'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

H Y M N C C C V I I I .

- 1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?
- 2 How great his power is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
The eternal God will not disdain
To bear an infant sing.

- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

H Y M N CCCIX.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eyes !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
'There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath !
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh ?

H Y M N CCCX.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our father eat forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd:
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave:
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And, by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace.

H Y M N CCCXI.

- 1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see?
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold?
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lye, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

H Y M N CCCXII.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong!
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:

- A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than east or western indies hold.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns;
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hope and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to escape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

H Y M N CCCXIII.

- 1 LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven?
- 3 How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!
- 4 Then, if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against me will in judgment rise.

H Y M N CCCXIV.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;

- But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul,
How I may climb to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law ;
Shew what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd,
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

H Y M N. CCCXV.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy word.
- 2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well ;

- And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell ?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 5 Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern ;
Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And, now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.
- 7 O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.
- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

H Y M N CCCXVI.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;

- Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
6 O may I now forever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

H Y M N CCCXVII.

- 1 THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens and earth and seas :
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
2 There is a law which he has writ
To teach us all that we must do :
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.
3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw :
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face ;
For I have often broke thy law.
4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
A thousand children young as I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.
6 Just as the tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

H Y M N CCCXVIII.

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love ;
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire and chains.
- 3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I shall to heaven ascend ?
- 4 Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath ;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.

H Y M N CCCXIX.

- 1 HAPPY's the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well :
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God, we flee

- Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine.
6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

H Y M N CCCXX.

- 1 WHY should I say, 'tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven, or think of death ?
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.
2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.
3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day ?
4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place ?
5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God !
His power and vengeance none can tell ;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
6 Then 'twill forever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

H Y M N CCCXXI.

- 1 WHAT Mefs'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,

Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth?

- 2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.
- 6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

H Y M N CCCXXII.

- 1 O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
- 2 But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes a two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth ; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake,
That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

H Y M N CCCXXIII.

- 1 LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.
- 2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each others eyes.
- 3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.
- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.
- 5 Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

H Y M N CCCXXIV.

- 1st WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
- 2nd Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
- 3rd Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.
- 4th The Devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another,
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5th The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.
- 6th Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

H Y M N CCCXXV.

- 1st OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.
- 2nd Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother fool.

- 3 But lips that dare be so profane
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.
- 4 When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
Go up, thou bald head, go.
- 5 God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.
- 6 Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame, and rule my tongue.

H Y M N CCCXXVI.

- 1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.
- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
And when they're angry how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!
- 3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?
- 4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.
- 5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

- 6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship, when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.

H Y M N CCCXXVII.

- 1 HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower ?
- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

H Y M N CCCXXVIII.

- 1 WHY sho.'d I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight ;
Who curse and swear, but never pray ;
Who call ill names and fight ?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song ;
Their words offend mine ears ;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.
- 3 Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go ;

- I would be walking with the wife,
 That wiser I may grow.
 4 From one rude boy, that's us'd to mock,
 They learn the wicked jest :
 One sickly sheep infects the flock,
 And poisons all the rest.
 5 My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
 With sinful children here ;
 Then let me not be sent to hell,
 Where none but sinners are.

H Y M N CCCXXIX.

- 1 WHY should our garments, made to hide
 Our parents shame, provoke our pride !
 The art of dress did ne'er begin,
 Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.
 2 When first she put the covering on,
 Her robe of innocence was gone ;
 And yet her children vainly boast
 In the sad marks of glory lost.
 3 How proud we are ! how fond to shew
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new !
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
 That very clothing long before.
 4 The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gaye coats than I :
 Let me be drest fine as I will ;
 Flies, worms and flowers exceed me still.
 5 Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind ;
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress.
 6 No more shall worms with me compare ;
 This is the raiment angels wear ;
 The Son of God, when here below,
 Put on this blest apparel too.
 7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
 Nor fears the rain nor moth nor mould :

- It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
8 In this on earth should I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight ;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

H Y M N CCCXXX.

- 1 LET children, that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say :
With reverence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.
2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?
3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How curst in his name !
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
4 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

H Y M N CCCXXI.

- 1 WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray ?
2 What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still ?
3 How senseless is my heart and wild !
How vain are all my thoughts !

- Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
3 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray.
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

H Y M N CCCXXXII.

- 1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning-race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.
3 So like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

H Y M N CCCXXXIII.

- 1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.
2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,

And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd
And waste my hours in bed?
2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
A nd shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.
4 I'll leave my sport, to read and pray;
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

H Y M N CCCXXXV.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;

- That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.
 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
 That hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

- 1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
 Now in our youngest days;
 Remember our Creator's love,
 And lift our Father's praise.
 2 His majesty will not despise
 The day of feeble things;
 Grateful the songs of children rise,
 And please the King of kings.
 3 We all his kind protection share,
 Within his arms we rest;
 The sucklings are his tenderest care,
 While hanging on the breast.
 4 We praise him with a stammering tongue
 While under his defence;
 He smiles to hear the childish song
 Of artless innocence.
 5 He loves to be remember'd thus,
 And honour'd for his grace;
 Out of the mouths of babes like us,
 His wisdom perfects praise.
 6 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
 Honour and thanks be given!
 Children and cherubim adore
 The Lord of earth and heaven.

H Y M N CCCXXXVII.

- 1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power,
 Love him, praise him, evermore;

- Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.
- 2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare,
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honour all our days.
- 3 Lift we then our hearts to God,
Like the church above employ'd;
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their heavenly King.
- 4 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that dy'd for man to atone,
God and the triumphant Lamb
They eternally proclaim.
- 5 Let us then to God aspire,
Rivals of the heavenly choir;
Cherubim our faces wear,
Let us their employments share.
- 6 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth ador'd;
Fill'd with thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God most high.

H Y M N CCCXXXVIII

- 1 LET children proclaim their Saviour and King;
To Jesus's name hosanna we sing;
Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
Who purchas'd salvation, for all to receive.
- 2 The meek Lamb of God from heaven came down,
And ransom'd with blood, and made us his own;
He suffer'd to save us, from sin and from thrall,
And Jesus shall have us, who purchas'd us all.
- 3 To him we will give our earliest days,
And thankfully live to publish his praise;
Our lives shall confess him, who came from above,
Our tongues they shall bless him, and tell of his love.

- 4 In innocent songs his coming we shout :
Should we hold our tongues, the stones would
cry out :
But him, without ceasing, we all would proclaim,
And ever be blessing our Jesus's name.

H Y M N CCCXXXIX.

- 1 HOLY child of heavenly birth,
God made manifest on earth,
Fain I would thy follower be,
Live in every thing like thee.
2 Thou whom angels love and fear,
Subject to thy parents here,
Didst to me the pattern give,
How with mine I ought to live.
3 Teach me then betimes to obey
Those who under God bear sway :
Masters, ministers to love,
All their just commands approve.
4 Let me to my betters bend,
Never wilfully offend,
By my meek submissiveness
Strive both God and them to please.
5 Thy humility impart,
Give me thy obedient heart,
Free and cheerful to fulfil
All my heavenly Father's will.
6 Keep me thus to God resign'd,
Till his love delights to find
Fairly copied out on me,
All the mind that was in thee.

H Y M N CCCXL.

- 1 FATHER, to thee our souls we raise
And for a blessing look,
Prevent, and help us by thy grace,
In learning of our book.

- 2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free,
Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
To truth and piety.
- 3 A faithful memory bestow,
With solid learning store,
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
Let us obey thee more.
- 4 Let us things excellent discern,
Hold fast what we approve,
And above all delight to learn
The lessons of thy love.

H Y M N CCCXLI.

- 1 COME let us join with one accord
In hymns about the throne !
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ,
And in our Lord, rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

H Y M N CCCXLII.

- 1 TEACHER, guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to thee,
Thee, who call'st to random sinners,
Thee, who dy'st to ransom me:

- Into thy protection take me,
 Full of goodness as thou art,
 After thine own image make me,
 Make me after thy own heart.
- 2 Exercise the potter's power
 Over this unshapen clay :
 Call me in the morning-hour,
 Teach my simpleness the way :
 With a tender awe inspire,
 That I never more may rove ;
 The faint spark of good desire
 Blow into a flame of love.
- 3 O my everlasting lover,
 Thee that I may love again,
 To mine inmost soul discover
 All thy dying love for man ;
 By thy Spirit's inspiration
 Make the depths of mercy known,
 Seal the heir of true salvation,
 Then translate me to thy throne.

H Y M N CCCXLIII.

- 1 LAMB of God, I look to thee,
 Thou shalt my example be,
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
 Thou wast once a little child.
- 2 Fain I would be as thou art,
 Give me thy obedient heart ;
 Thou art pitiful and kind,
 Let me have thy loving mind.
- 3 Meek, and lowly may I be,
 Thou art all humility !
 Let me to my betters bow,
 Subject to thy parents thou.
- 4 Let me above all fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will,
 Never his good Spirit grieve,
 Only to his glory live.

- 5 Thou didst live to God alone,
 Thou didst never seek thine own,
 Thou thyself didst never please,
 God was all thy happiness.
- 6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In thy gracious hand I am,
 Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
 Live thyself within my heart.
- 7 I shall then shew forth thy praise,
 Serve thee all my happy days,
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy child in me.

H Y M N CCCXLIV.

- 1 FATHER, I wake thy love to praise,
 Which hath my weakness kept,
 Thy mercy did the angels place
 To guard me while I slept.
- 2 I laid me down in peace, and rise
 Thy goodness to proclaim,
 Present my morning sacrifice,
 My thanks in Jesu's name.
- 3 Because he bought me with his blood,
 Into thy favour take,
 And still be merciful and good
 To me for Jesu's sake.
- 4 Throughout this day thy mercy show,
 And still thy child defend,
 Till all my spotless life below
 In heavenly glories end.

H Y M N CCCXLV.

SAVIOUR, thou hast bestow'd on me
 The blessing of the light,
 And wilt my kind preserver be
 Through this approaching night.

- 2 Evil from me far off remove,
That, with thy favour blest,
Beneath the shadow of thy love
I in thine arms may rest.
- 3 Thy gracious eye which never sleeps
Is always fixt on man ;
Thy love the slumbering children keeps
From sorrow, fear, and pain.
- 4 Wherefore I softly lay me down,
And trust myself to thee,
The Father's well-beloved Son,
Who ever prayest for me.

H Y M N CCCXLVI.

- 1 HOSANNA to him who ruleth on high :
A world to redeem, he came from the sky :
The almighty Creator ; O how could it be
Appear'd in our nature, an infant like me.
- 2 Who all the bright train angelical made,
Subjected to man, his parents obey'd,
On sinners attended, their minister was,
And patiently ended his life on a cross.
- 3 O how shall I praise thy wonderful love ?
Thy Spirit of grace send down from above :
If still the dear lover of children thou art,
My Saviour, discover thyself to my heart.

H Y M N CCCXLVII.

- 1 FATHER of earth and heaven,
Thy hungry children feed,
Thy grace be to our spirits given,
That true immortal bread.
- 2 Grant us, and all our race,
In Jesus Christ to prove,
The sweetness of thy pardoning grace,
The manna of thy love.

H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

1. FATHER, we thy promise plead ;
 Grant the things for which we pray !
 Give us, Lord, our daily bread,
 This and every happy day :
 Now our body's strength renew ;
 Feed our needy spirits too.
2. Comfort every longing heart,
 Longing thee alone to know :
 Nourishment divine impart,
 Immaterial bread bestow,
 Bread by which our souls may live :
 Give thyself, forever give !

H Y M N CCCXLIX.

1. O FATHER of all,
 Who fillest with good
 The ravens that call
 On thee for their food ;
 Them, ready to perish,
 Thou lov'st to sustain :
 And wilt not thou cherish
 The children of men ?
2. On thee we depend
 Our wants to supply,
 Whose goodness shall send
 Us bread from the sky :
 On earth thou wilt give us
 A taste of thy love ;
 And shortly receive us
 To banquet above.

H Y M N CCCL.

FATHER, our outward wants relieve ;
 But oh, the food immortal give,

Our hungry souls to fill !
 Sustain us by thy pardoning grace,
 And lead us through this wilderness,
 To thy celestial hill.

H Y M N CCCLI.

BE present at our table, Lord ;
 Be here and every where ador'd :
 These creatures bless, and grant that we
 May feast in paradise with thee.

H Y M N CCCLII.

GREAT Donor of all,
 For thy blessing we call,
 And, while richly provided with meat,
 To our spiritual taste,
 May thy love be a feast
 In thy banqueting house let us eat !

H Y M N CCCLIII.

May the creatures bestow'd
 Lead our hearts to our God,
 That our table may not prove a snare !
 Let temperance guide
 Our meal, sanctify'd
 By the offerings of praise and of prayer !

H Y M N CCCLIV.

- 1 PARENT of good, whose plenteous grace
 O'er all thy creatures flows,
 Humbly we ask thy power to bless
 The food thy love bestows.
- 2 Thy love provides the sober feast,
 A second gift impart :

Give us, with joy, our food to taste,
And with a single heart.

H Y M N CCCLV

LORD, let this food new life afford,
For thee our strength repair;
Bless'd by thine all-sustaining word,
And sanctify'd by prayer.

H Y M N CCCLVI

AWAY with all our trouble,
And caring for to-morrow;
The God of love
Doth still remove
Our every want and sorrow:
Our joyful lips shall bless him,
Of all good gifts the giver;
Thy Spirit, Lord,
Hath spoke the word
That seals us thine forever.

H Y M N CCCLVII

THOU God of all love,
How great is thy name!
Help us from above
Thy praise to proclaim:
The food thou hast given
With thanks may we use,
And never, while living,
Thy mercies abuse.

H Y M N CCCLVIII

GLORY to thee, thou King of heaven,
For the refreshment thou hast given!

Nourish our souls, that we may grow
In grace, and knowledge, here below.

H Y M N CCCLIX.

O GOD of love, we own
Thy mercies fresh, and great :
'Tis thy good providence alone,
Which furnishes our meat :
But, while our earthly frame
By thee is thus supply'd,
Our souls, O Lord, thy mercy claim,
Oh, for our souls provide !

H Y M N CCCLX.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore ;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

H Y M N CCCLXI.

- 1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
The eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

H Y M N CCCLXII.

- 1 LET God the Father live
Forever on our tongues :
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace convey
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One in Three,
That seal this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

H Y M N CCCLXIII.

- 1 LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love and fear ;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

H Y M N CCCLXIV.

- 1 TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began ;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man ;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs ;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues :
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.
- 3 Let every saint above,
And angels round the throne,
Forever blest and love
The sacred Three in One :
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

H Y M N CCCLXV.

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise :
 And while our lips
 Their tribute bring,
 Our faith adores
 The name we sing.

H Y M N CCCLXVI.

1 HOSANNA to the King,
 Of David's ancient blood ;
 Behold he comes to bring
 Forgiving grace from God :
 Let old and young
 Attend his way,
 And at his feet
 Their honours lay.
 2 Glory to God on high,
 Salvation to the Lamb ;
 Let earth and sea and sky
 His wondrous love proclaim,
 Upon his head
 Shall honours rest,
 And every age
 Pronounce him blest.

END OF THE HYMN.

ANTHEMS.

ANTHEM I.

SING, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God: For behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto us is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forests, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.

II.

O THE depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!

For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor?

Or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again?

For of him, and through him, and to him are all things: to whom be glory forever. Amen.

III.

BLESSED are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.

When a few years are come, then shall I go the way whence I shall not return.

Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not: man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.

IV.

I BEHELD! and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms were in their hands. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation unto God, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, Blessing, hallelujah, and glory, and wisdom, and power, and might be unto the Lord God, forever and ever. Amen. Hallelujah.

V.

BEHOLD, the Lord is my salvation; in him will I trust; for the Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation. Cry aloud, and sing unto the Lord; for great is the Holy-One of Israel. Hallelujah.

VI.

O ALL ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye angels of the Lord, &c.

Y

O ye sun and moon, &c.
 O ye stars of heaven, &c.
 O ye winter and summer, &c.
 O ye nights and days, &c.
 O ye light and darkness, &c.
 O ye lightening and clouds, &c.
 O ye mountains and hills, &c.
 O ye seas and floods, &c.
 O all ye fowls of the air, &c.
 O all ye beasts and cattle, &c.
 O ye children of men, &c.
 O ye priests of the Lord, &c.
 O ye servants of the Lord, &c.
 Glory be to the Father, &c.

VII.

QUARTETTO.

WHEN the ear heard him, then it blessed him;
 and when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.

CHORUS.

He delivered the poor that cried; the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

Kindness, meekness, and comfort, were in his tongue.

If there was any virtue, or if there was any praise, he thought on those things.

QUARTETTO.

His body is buried in peace.

CHORUS.

But his name liveth evermore.

CHORUS.

The merciful goodness of the Lord, endureth for ever on them that fear him; and his righteousness on children's children.

VIII.

O PRAISE the Lord! for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

Great is the Lord, and marvellous! worthy to be praised! there is no end of his greatness.

All thy works praise thee, O God! and thy saints give thanks unto thee.

Who can express the noble acts of the Lord, or shew forth all his praise?

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works; God is the Lord, who hath shewed a light.

His works are worthy to be praised and had in honour; and his righteousness endureth for ever.

IX.

WHEN the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him:

Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.

Before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another.

He shall say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Lord! when saw we thee an hungry, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

The righteous shall go into life eternal. Hallelujah.

X.

WHOM have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:

But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Amen and amen.

XI.

IS there not an appointed time to man upon earth ? Are not his days, also, like the days of an hireling ?

I'm made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me.

When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone ? I am full of tossing to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.

My flesh is clothed with worms, and clods of dust ; my skin is broken, and become loathsome.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope

I loath it, I would not live alway : let me alone, for my days are vanity.

O remember that my life is wind : mine eye shall no more see good.

As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away : so he that goeth down to the grave, shall come up no more : for now shall I sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.

XII.

O LORD, thou art our God ! we will exalt thee, we will praise thy name ; for thou hast done wonderful things.

For thou hast been a strength to the poor and to the needy in distress.

This is our God, we have waited for him ; and he will save us unto the end.

This is the Lord, we have waited for him ; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.

Sing, O ye heavens ! for the Lord hath done it : shout, ye lower parts of the earth : break forth into singing, O mountains and forests ; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.

XIII.

ZADOK the priest, and Nathan the prophet,
anointed Solomon king.
And all the people rejoiced, and said,
God save the king ! long live the king !
May the king live forever !
Amen. Hallelujah !

XIV.

FOR ever blessed be thy holy name,
Lord God of Israel !

CHORUS.

Thine sublime of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways ;
And thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

XV.

SING unto the Lord, and praise his name ; be
telling of his salvation from day to day.

Declare his honour unto the people, and his
wonders unto the Heathen.

For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be
praised : he is more to be feared than all gods.

XVI.

HE gave them hailstones for rain ; fire mingled
with the hail ran along upon the ground.

BASS DUET.

The Lord is a man of war ! Lord is his name !
Pharaoh's chariots and his host, hath he cast into
the sea : his chosen captains also are drowned in
the Red Sea.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.

For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chari-
ots, and with his horsemen, into the sea ; and the
Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon

them: but the children of Israel went on dry land
in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.

And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron,
took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women
went out after her, with timbrels and with dances,
and Miriam answered them:

AIR AND CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed
gloriously. The Lord shall reign for ever and
ever. The horse and his rider hath he thrown
into the sea.

THE MESSIAH.

PART I.

RECITATIVE.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people, saith
your God: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,
and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished,
that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight
in the desert a highway for our God.

AIR.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every moun-
tain and hill made low, the crooked straight, and
the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of
the Lord hath spoken it.

RECITATIVE.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Yet once a little
while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth,
the sea and the dry land, and I will shake all na-
tions, and the desire of all nations shall come; the
Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his
temple, even the messenger of the covenant,

whom ye delight in, behold he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.

RECITATIVE.

But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire.

CHORUS.

And he shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name EMANUEL, GOD WITH US.

AIR AND CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain. O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

RECITATIVE.

For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

CHORUS.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful,

Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

RECITATIVE.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good-will towards men.

AIR.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee.

He is the righteous Saviour, and he shall speak peace unto the Heathen. Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

AIR.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest.

Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for

he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find
rest unto your souls.

CHORUS.

His yoke is easy, and his burthen is light.

PART II.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away
the sins of the world.

AIR.

He was despised and rejected of men ; a man of
sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He gave his
back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that
plucked off the hair ; he hid not his face from
shame and spitting. Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried
our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions ;
he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement
of our peace was upon him,

And with his stripes we are healed.

CHORUS.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray : we have
turned every one to his own way,

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of
us all.

RECITATIVE.

All they that see him, laugh him to scorn ; they
shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

CHORUS.

He trusted in God that he would deliver him ;
let him deliver him, if he delight in him.

RECITATIVE.

Thy rebuke hath broken his heart, he is full of
heaviness : he looked for some to have pity on
him, but there was no man, neither found he any
to comfort him.

AIR.

Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto
his sorrow.

RECITATIVE.

He was cut off out of the land of the living ; for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

AIR.

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy Ho'y One to see corruption.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory ?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory ?

The Lord of hosts ; he is the King of glory.

CHORUS.

The Lord of hosts ; he is the King of glory.

RECITATIVE.

Unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee ?

CHORUS.

Let all the angels of God worship him.

AIR.

Thou art gone up on high ; thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men ; yea, even for thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

CHORUS.

The Lord gave the word ; great was the company of the preachers ;

AIR.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace !

AIR AND CHORUS.

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

DUET.

How beautiful are the feet of them that bring
glad tidings ; that say unto Zion, thy God reign-
eth !

CHORUS.

Break forth into joy ; glad tidings ; thy God
reigneth.

AIR.

Why do the nations so furiously rage together,
and why do the people imagine a vain thing ?

The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers
take council together, against the Lord, and
against his anointed.

CHORUS.

Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away
their yokes from us.

RECITATIVE.

He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to
scorn ; the Lord shall hold them in derision.

AIR.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron ;
thou shalt dash them in pieces, like a potter's vessel.

GRAND CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH ; for the Lord God Omni-
potent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are
become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his
Christ ; and he shall reign forever and ever
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

Hallelujah !

PART III.

AIR.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he
shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : and
though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh
shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the
dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

CHORUS.

Since by man came death, by man came also

the resurrection of the dead ; for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

RECITATIVE.

Behold, I tell you a mystery : we shall not all sleep, but we shall be all changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

AIR.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory !

DUET.

O death, where is thy sting ?
O grave, where is thy victory ?
The sting of death is sin,
And the strength of sin is the law.

CHORUS.

But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

AIR.

If God be for us, who can be against us ? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is at the right hand of God, who maketh intercession for us.

CHORUS.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever. Amen.

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David Brosnan Went to
Work to Mr. Reed

John Brosnan

Jan. 25th Jan 1831

J. John Brosnan

